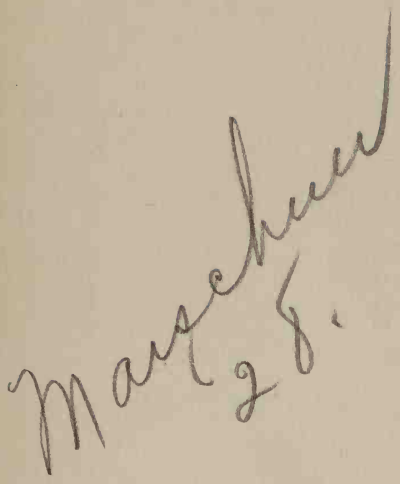
Today and the FUTURE DAY

Arthur Brisbane



TODAY

AND THE

FUTURE DAY

(An Analysis of Two New Books)

with

OTHER ARTICLES

By

ARTHUR BRISBANE

(ILLUSTRATED)

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TODAY AND THE FUTURE DAY

The Future of the World

Science Alone Can Prophesy In Our Day. Something About Two Books—You Are Advised to Read Them

BY ARTHUR BRISBANE

To discuss the earth's future seems presumptuous in two-legged human insects looking up at the sky and out, over the curving surface of a planet 25,000 miles around. But such discussion is not entirely foolish. Science, able to foretell the return of a comet, may foresee events more important.

One ant hill in the garden path is not important to the owner of the garden, and one little grain of sand, the EARTH, a small planet in one of the small solar systems, is a trifling matter to the universe at large.

But it is the only vitally important thing to the sixteen hundred million little human thinking machines that travel up and down on this earth.

Three questions occupy men's minds:

How and why do we come here?

Where do we go, if anywhere, when we leave here?

What is to be the future of our race while it remains here?

Fortunately for the masses of human beings, these questions have been answered by various revealed religions. And in every religion the questions have been answered definitely and positively—just when the earth was made, how long it took to make it, when it will end, what will happen to the good, what punishments are reserved for the bad.

Answers given by religions of different kinds have been far apart, but they have all fulfilled one important purpose. They have saved harassed, worried human beings from the hardest of all work which is, THINKING. That has been a great blessing. The man who finds it unnecessary to think for himself on abstract questions, is free to devote himself to material tasks, essential to his present comfort.

Scientists and philosophers—lovers of knowledge and wisdom—seeking to answer all questions for themselves, in accordance with the laws of nature, have not been content with any religious revelations, however soothing.

The thinkers, from Thales to Aristotle, from Aristotle to Bacon, from Bacon to Darwin, and from Darwin to the biologists, chemists and physicists of today, have been engaged in a determined struggle to conquer truth by the power of the human mind.

And they have sought to foretell and plan a more nearly perfect earthly existence for the future.

MANY UTOPIAS

Genius and imagination have devised many so-called perfect organizations of human society, ready-made, beneficently ruled, with laws of complete perfection.

Plato's "Republic" and Moore's "Utopia" stand out among the efforts of imperfect minds to imagine a perfect human society. They are as near the truth probably as the planning of a little boy who decides to keep a candy shop, or be a pirate, when he grows up.

In spite of imperfections and mistakes, all these plannings and imaginings have been useful. Plato's "Republic," it may be said without exaggeration, has done more to influence philosophic thought than any book ever written.

The writings of the French philosopher, Charles Fourier, unknown to the world today, will be remembered, honored, and a part of social organization when other philosophers shall have been forgotten. Fourier taught that the future, whatever it might be, would "GROW OUT OF THE BRAIN OF MAN," directed, controlled and shaped by the passions and desires by which men are moved, and that are the mainsprings governing human conduct.

Fourier taught, what leaders of modern industry do not yet see, that the problems of labor, will be solved, BY MAKING LABOR ATTRACTIVE TO THE WORKER, instead of making it compulsory, under the lash of necessity.

ATTRACTIVE INDUSTRY will solve industrial problems that worry the powerful men of this day.

DUST AND MUD

Man is made of dust, plus Divine intelligence and skill. Read the seventh verse of the second chapter of Genesis.

Man's civilization, made of mud, plus human intelligence and will, was built upon the alluvial mud washed down to the Mediterranean by the Nile, to the Persian Gulf by the Tigris and the Euphrates. Where crops were abundant and sure, civilization started.

History shows men gradually becoming less barbarous through the centuries, while oppressing, robbing, killing each other, worshipping monstrous idols, or revengeful, jealous gods, supposed to be pleased by the smell of animal blood, and roasting flesh, human or animal.

The Great Wall of China was built by hundreds of thousands of slaves working with their bare hands under the lash. Public monuments are built now, by machinery, run by men technically "free," but practically slaves of the machines which they direct, and of the capitalists owning the machines. That is progress, but it isn't "CIVILIZATION."

The most daring Utopians would not venture to predict progress as great as that accomplished since men made pictures on the walls of dark caves, twenty or fifty thousand years ago.

In travel now man uses electricity, steam, flying machines. Only one hundred years ago he depended on the horse and the ox.

A famous painting shows the old emperor killing slaves that brought him bad news. Today he would have to stab his telephone or his radio "loud speaker."

Once the power of great men was locked up in armies of human beings that had to be fed, cajoled and might revolt at any moment.

Now armies of disciplined men are replaced by armies of organized dollars, obedient, docile. The heads of great corporations replace Caesar, Alexander and Napoleon.

It was a crime in the United States once to teach a slave to read. Failure to send any child to school is now a misdemeanor.

A "great man" was asked by a sculptor, "What book shall I put in your hand?" He replied, "You know well I do not read; put a sword in my hand."

No "great man" would now be proud of the fact that he did not read.

We see the beginning of universal education, 60 per cent of the white race is being taught to read, although a pitifully small percentage of any race is taught, or allowed, or inclined, to think.

READING THE FUTURE

Can we foretell the future? We know that great changes have come, commonest intelligence tells us that greater progress is certain.

It is certain that human beings will not forever allow "the few to ride on the backs of the many," nor will they be content with a life of wage slavery, attached to a machine, as a substitute for the body slavery, under which men lived chained to the oar of a galley, or like Peter the Great's convicts in the mines, chained to the heavy tools with which they worked.

Better days are coming. The human race, in which successful tribes were once all cannibals, has actually produced vegetarian societies. Men that formerly offered up bleeding, smoking animals to please their many gods or their single god, now form societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals.

The Queen of Sheba rode on a camel's back, on her important visit to Solomon. Now she could ride in a limousine, on air cushions, or fly.

That is progress, but it is NOT civilization.

Men have improved on barbarism, but real civilization is still far away.

Look into the future with the complacent poet, "far as human eye can see," and you look not very far.

There will be no real civilization while half the children that are born die in childhood, while a few have too much and the great majority too little, and while, for the great majority of human beings, life is a monotonous routine of work, and old age today, as in the days of Priam, "the hateful road."

Not until generous emulation shall have replaced selfish competition among human beings, and not until the preliminary problems of production and distribution shall have been solved, will there be any real civilization.

The pressing problems of the human race are still MATERIAL mechanical, scientific.

Dreamers and poets may plan their Utopias. Engineers and scientists must first make them possible. You can't have civilization in the Gaboon Country, or inside the Arctic Circle.

AND SCIENCE IS THE ONLY RELIABLE PROPHET IN OUR DAY.

TWO INTERESTING BOOKS

Intelligent men and women will read with interest two little books recently published. One, "Daedalus or Science and the Future" by J. B. S. Haldane, Professor of Bio-chemistry at Cambridge University. The other, a reply to Haldane's book, called "Icarus or the Future of Science," by Bertrand Russell, an earnest student, thinker and one of the greatest living mathematicians.

The names "Daedalus" and "Icarus" are familiar to those that had the Latin of Virgil imposed upon them in their boyhood. They learned by heart painfully "*Daedalus, ut fama est, fugiens Minoia regna*" etc.

That line quoted from memory dating back more than forty years, tells of the first flying machine. Daedalus made it, according to the old legend, and with it escaped from the terrible king of Crete.

Icarus, son of Daedalus, was less fortunate, with his flying machine. The heat of the sun melted the wax or glue in the wings, and Icarus plunged to death in the sea.

Haldane gives the name of Daedalus, the SUCCESSFUL builder to his book, which deals with marvelous work that science will accomplish for the happiness of human beings.

Bertrand Russell, earnest, sincere, but rather pessimistic mind, names his book for Icarus, the failure and fears that man's evil nature will cause him to use the power of science for the oppression of other men, as he has primitive brutal, physical power, in oppression, from the beginning.

These two little books, "Daedalus" with only 93,

and "Icarus" with only 64 very small pages, both published by E. P. Dutton & Company, will well repay a few hours reading.

And that reading should result in the kind of THINKING that makes reading worth while.

Read "Daedalus" before "Icarus" since the latter is a reply to Haldane's optimistic prophecies.

Science foretelling the future, deals not with changes in human nature, which changes slowly, but with chemical changes, mechanical possibilities, scientific control and use of nature's forces on a gigantic scale, POWER, to give men every material thing they need, including, even, happiness, if they will cease oppressing, defrauding and killing each other.

WHAT CAN SCIENCE DO FOR MEN?

Science has already changed man from a timid, fighting, crouching, furtive biped, travelling on foot painfully and slowly over the earth's surface, to a ruler of the earth, of nature's forces, flying through the air and sailing under the seas, sending his messages around the world without messengers, or wires.

And all that we have seen, according to scientists, is but the beginning. Repeating in other words Montaigne's admirable sentence, "I write, not that you may READ, but that you may THINK," Haldane tells his readers, "It is the whole business of a university teacher to induce people to think." And Haldane has packed into his little book material for a full year's hard thinking.

How little science, and study of the outside universe, interest the average of us human beings.

Haldane describes, "Three Europeans in India looking at a great new star in the milky way. These were apparently all of the guests at a large dance who were interested in such matters."

In that brilliant "new" star in the milky way, science sees a passing brilliancy that might have been caused by "a too successful experiment in induced radio-activity on the part of some of the dwellers there."

The possibility of releasing the terrific, inconceivable power that holds together the electrons revolving around their nucleus in an atom fascinates every scientific mind. There is power, unlimited.

And all wealth is the result of POWER, directed by human INTELLIGENCE and applied to the EARTH'S natural resources. If science can supply power unlimited and practically free, transformed into electric current for convenient use, all industry will change. And the material life of civilization will change with it.

When you read prophecies of the future however, whether constructed by social dreamers or mapped out by scientists, it is well to remember that prophecy is dangerous at best.

"Mr. Chesterton in "The Napoleon of Notting Hill," a book written fifteen years or so ago, prophesied that hansom-cabs would still be in existence a hundred years hence owing to a cessation of invention. Within six years there was a hansom-cab in a museum, and now that romantic but tardy vehicle is a memory like the trireme."

And the learned H. G. Wells, prophesied in his book "Anticipations" in 1902 that "by 1950 there would be heavier than air flying machines capable of practical use in war" and added that he knew the suggestion would be ridiculed.

In recent articles, Wells has described his own trips by flying machine, all over Europe.

Concerning the production of light, Haldane calls our methods as crude and wasteful as the cooking of the Chinese gentleman who burned down his house to roast a pig. We produce light by "hot bodies" with 95 per cent of the radiation invisible. Haldane predicts that in fifty years the cost of light will be one fiftieth of its present price. Cities will be almost as light at night as they are in the day time. The loss of labor, by men and machines, caused by darkness, will disappear, and crime will diminish. It hates light, on the highway, or in Congress.

The light problem will be settled, says Haldane, when "at suitable distances, there will be great power stations, where during windy weather the surplus power will be used for the electrolytic decomposition of water into oxygen and hydrogen.

"These gases will be liquefied, and stored in vats, vacuum jacketed reservoirs, probably sunk in the ground."

Haldane, with whom you will probably not agree, looks to the wind for the next great power supply. He says:

"Water-power is not, I think, a probable substitute, on account of its small quantity, seasonal fluctuation, and sporadic distribution. It may perhaps, however, shift the centre of industrial gravity to well-watered mountainous tracts such as the Himalayan foothills, British Columbia, and Armenia. Ultimately we shall have to tap these intermittent but inexhaustible sources of power, the wind and the sunlight. The problem is simply one of storing their energy in a form as convenient as coal or petrol. If a windmill in one's back garden could produce a hundredweight of coal daily (and it can produce its equivalent in energy), our coal mines would shut down to-morrow."

THE POWER OF THE FUTURE

In the material world there are three sources of wealth, human intelligence, power and the earth, with its soil, atmosphere and water. Intelligence supplying power transforms natural resources into wealth, and builds up civilization.

The British Parliament at this moment is dealing with the problem of power production on a great scale. Men laboriously dig coal out of the earth, the railroads transport it, with great waste and expense. It is burned on grates, changed into steam, the steam changes to electricity, only a fraction of the power in the coal being really used, the rest wasted.

Haldane speculates further on power production as follows:

"Even to-morrow a cheap, foolproof, and durable storage battery may be invented, which will enable us to transform the intermittent energy of the wind into continuous electric power.

"Four hundred years hence the power question in England may be solved somewhat as follows: The country will be covered with rows of metallic windmills working electric motors which in their turn supply a current at a very high voltage to great electric mains."

With all respect for Haldane's knowledge and imagination it is difficult to believe that human beings will obtain power by the multiplication of small windmills all over the earth's surface. The earth is itself a gigantic driving wheel, developing, as it turns on its axis, and flies round the sun, an amount of power utterly inconceivable.

Human beings will find better ways of solving their power problem than the erection of little windmills to harness the wind.

Most interesting is the fact that, as Haldane was writing his little book, the British, forced by war to try everything, had determined, if possible, to make themselves independent of oil wells, coal mines and power strikes.

Philip Snowden, Chancellor of the Exchequer in the Labor Government, authorized the spending of half a million dollars on preliminary plans and experiments for harnessing the tide in the Severn.

That project for utilizing power that goes to waste in the Severn Estuary, which began in the appointment of a water power commission by Lloyd George, is the most important step thus far toward making up for war loss.

The tide at the mouth of the Severn is the third highest in the world, only two are greater, one in China, the other in the Bay of Fundy, between Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. In that Bay of Fundy, some day our friends across the Canadian border will develop a supply of power, that will run every farm and factory within reach of power distribution.

THE GREAT BRITISH POWER SCHEME

This is the British plan for the Estuary of the Severn.

A gigantic dam will be built, longest in the world, with many sluice gates through which the tides will pass upward, beginning at low tide and continuing until high tide. The sluice gates will be closed, at high tide and the waters made captive. Below the dam, the receding tide will leave the captive waters high up, behind the dam, ready at the right moment to be released. Rushing down through turbines the waters will produce, according to careful scientific estimates, an amount of power that will make England's great manufacturing centres forever independent of coal and oil.

Using only the power direct from stored waters, rushing through turbines, would constitute an irregular, intermittent source of power dependent on the tides. To supply constant power, gigantic reservoirs will be built, 350 feet above the level of the Severn. During the downward rush of the imprisoned tide waters, part of the power thus developed will be used to fill these reservoirs, storing up a steady source of power, all through the 24 hours.

Thus the waters of the tide will be used partly for direct generation of electricity to be used as power, and partly for pumping water to the reservoirs, for such use as the engineers may direct.

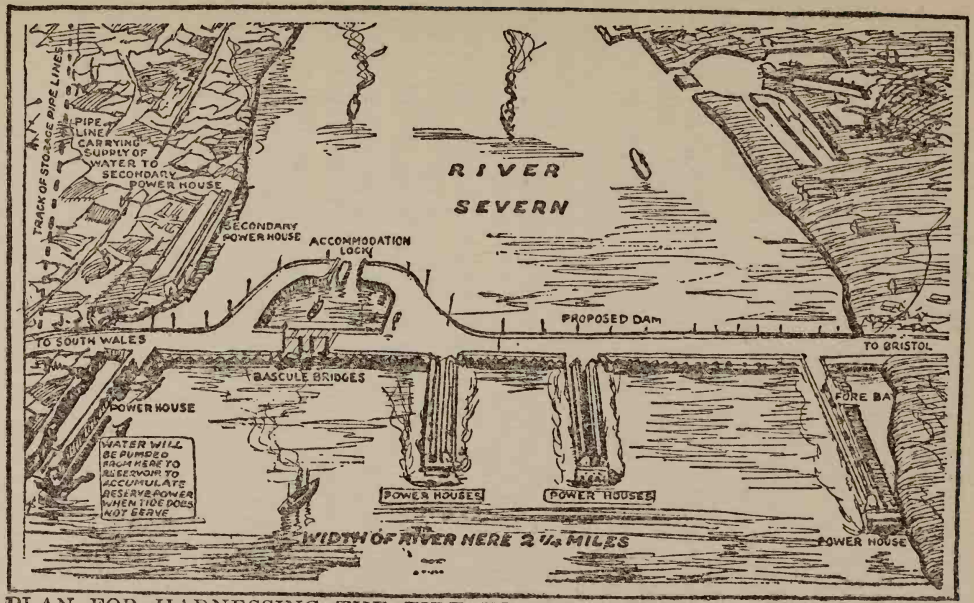
When you consider the figures in connection with this gigantic British undertaking, you realize that men will soon free themselves from the miner's pick and shovel, and the drilling of oil wells.

Oil and coal in the ground will soon be as unimportant to the power problem, as whale oil is to the light problem of today.

The amount of power that engineers expect to get from this Severn plant is thus described by engineers in charge of the preliminary plan.

"When the scheme is fully developed, it will be capable of supplying over 200,000 kilowatts, or Board of Trade units of electricity, continuously, or more than 1,500,000,000 units a year, which is more than was supplied last year by all the London public authorities and power companies plus all the power units supplied by the seven largest electricity power stations in Britain, outside the Metropolitan area—that is to say, Manchester, Glasgow, Birmingham, Liverpool, Sheffield, Leeds and Bradford. The station would thus be able to supply all the electricity at present used within a radius of thirty miles of the power station, and have enough left over to supply all London, and the next five biggest towns in the country."

The sketch published here, part of an illustration printed in the *Illustrated London News* gives some idea of the project.



PLAN FOR HARNESSING THE TIDE IN THE SEVERN, TO SUPPLY POWER ENOUGH FOR LONDON AND OTHER CITIES

You see the dam running two and one-quarter miles across the river. The tide rushing upward through sluice gates in the dam is captured and used as heretofore described.

AN EXAMPLE FOR US

It is to be hoped that the United States government will do more than MERELY WATCH the experiments in Great Britain, and use some of the "surplus gold" which we are so eager to lend to Europe, to develop the natural resources of this country.

Imagine one power plant great enough to supply all the light and power needed for London, with enough additional power "for seven of the largest electricity power stations in Great Britain, outside of London, namely Manchester, Glasgow, Birmingham, Liverpool, Sheffield, Leeds and Bradford."

Here in the United States we have in the Colorado River, and elsewhere, such sources of power as would solve all our power problems, and our irrigations problems also.

But we do not harness those powers for the people. That might interfere with PRIVATE OWNERSHIP OF POWER. And thus far the government of the United States has been run along lines of obliging private ownership, with slight consideration of the fact that these great sources of power BELONG to the people, that the people NEED the power, and ought to have it and OWN it.

THE STORING OF POWER

After full PRODUCTION of power shall have been accomplished, the next problem will be, power STORAGE, and power TRANSMISSION.

A difficult problem is transmission of power over wires for long distances. Nikolai Tesla and others have helped, but engineers do not yet know how to use economically in New York City the power generated at Niagara.

And in Brazil, there is going to waste, a cataract developing much greater power than Niagara, because there is no means of sending the power over wires to factories that need it.

Some new electrical genius may devise another plan for transporting electricity, perhaps through the air without any wires to cause "resistance" and loss, perhaps by some new method apart from all present ideas.

We know that the heat, light and power of the sun come to us through 93,000,000 miles of space, and through space at a temperature at "absolute zero." Some day we shall find how the Cosmic Engineer accomplishes that, and then the distribution of power will be simple, and European nations may be fighting over African or South American cataracts in place of Mesopotamian oil fields.

Meanwhile Haldane, whose interesting little book we are considering, offers a plan, and "any plan is better than none."

LIQUID HYDROGEN FOR POWER STORAGE

Having established his chain of windmills around the world, which seems a most primitive way of getting power on a big scale, Haldane would "during windy weather" use surplus power to manufacture oxygen and hydrogen from water. The gases would then be liquefied, and later on "re-combined in explosion motors working dynamos which would produce electrical energy once more."

Haldane says:

"Liquid hydrogen is, weight for weight, the most efficient known method of storing energy, as it gives about three times as much heat per pound as petrol.

"On the other hand it is very light, and, bulk for bulk, has only one-third of the efficiency of petrol. This will not, however, detract from its use in aeroplanes, where weight is more important than bulk. These huge reservoirs of liquefied gases will enable wind energy to be stored, so that it can be expended for industry, transportation, heating, and lighting, as desired.

"Among its more obvious advantages will be the fact that energy will be as cheap in one part of the country as another, so that industry will be greatly decentralized; and no smoke or ash will be produced.

"Even now perhaps Italy might achieve economic independence by the expenditure of a few million pounds upon research on the lines indicated."

The "no smoke or ash" possibilities in this new scientific power, is part of the plan in England's scheme for harnessing the Severn tide. That plan includes "The creation of a gigantic industrial SMOKELESS City."

Man is a progressive creature, in spite of his wars, slavery, superstitions, religious persecutions, and other savage monstrosities.

Consider the difference in power production be-

tween the slave that carried his master on his back, and modern scientific plans for producing power that would harness tides, winds, or the sun itself, change the power into electricity, use the electricity to reduce water to oxygen and hydrogen gases, liquefy and store those gases, and then release the stored-up power by recombining them in explosive motors.

With the power thus obtained men will fly through the clouds at a thousand miles an hour, dive down and explore the ocean's beds.

Truly "It hath not been shown what we shall be."

THE FOOD SUPPLY OF THE FUTURE

Haldane deals with the present difficulty in obtaining food supplies for the earth's increasing population, as merely one passing incident in the history of human beings.

Everybody knows that cannibalism at one time was practiced by all human beings, or at least by as many as had courage and energy enough to kill other human beings. It was only by cannibalism, in times of famine, that the race could survive. And it was only among cannibals that the children in famine periods, got enough to eat. For that reason all races now vigorous, have cannibalism in their ancestral record, however unpleasant that thought may be.

Human beings outgrew cannibalism by systematizing food supply, developing agriculture, breeding domestic animals, establishing granaries for storage and in various ways providing against famine periods.

According to Haldane, our present laborious methods of getting things out of the earth by plowing, fertilizing, planting and harvesting, will one day seem as primitive as the ox cart or the bow and arrow.

Man for his nourishment must depend on what grows out of the ground. Coffee, tea, wine, bread, vegetables, everything comes from the earth, including the beef which grows by eating grass and grain. Sugar supplies represent one big problem, as we learned in the war.

Haldane says:

"Everyone knows that food is ultimately produced by

plants, though we may get it at second or third hand if we eat animals or their products. But the average plant turns most of its sugar not into starch, which is digestible, but into cellulose, which is not, but forms its woody skeleton. The hoofed animals have dealt with this problem in their own way, by turning their bellies into vast hives of bacteria that attack cellulose, and on whose by-products they live."

Men will find artificial ways of doing, OUTSIDE of their bodies, what the animals do in their digestive apparatus, says Haldane.

Production of sugar in unlimited quantities is not far off. Here is a statement that may interest you, if you own any sugar stocks and if you believe in scientific prediction.

"It (sugar production) may be done on chemical lines. Irvine has obtained 95% yield of sugar from cellulose, but at a prohibitive cost. Or we may use micro-organisms, but in any case within the next century, sugar and starch will be about as cheap as sawdust.

"Many of our food-stuffs, including the proteins, we shall probably build up from simpler sources such as coal and atmospheric nitrogen. I should be inclined to allow 120 years, but not much more, before a completely satisfactory diet can be produced in this way on a commercial scale.

"This will mean that agriculture will become a luxury, and that mankind will be completely citified. Personally I do not regret the probable disappearance of the agricultural labourer in favour of the factory worker, who seems to me a higher type of person from most points of view.

"Synthetic food will substitute the flower garden and the factory for the dunghill and the slaughterhouse, and make the city at last self-sufficient."

The average human being will resent the suggestion that food should be made chemically, that wine should come out of the laboratory, instead of coming

from grapes grown in sunshine on the hillside.

The process has already begun, perfumes are produced chemically. And scientific formulas may give human beings new stores of energy and new sources of endurance.

The Germans accomplished something in that direction, and in the war, chemistry gave to fighting men an energy that nature had refused them.

"During the war Embden, the professor of physiology in Frankfurt University, discovered that a dose of about 7 grams of acid sodium phosphate increases a man's capacity for prolonged muscular work by about 20% and probably aids in prolonged mental work. It can be taken over very lengthy periods. A group of coal-miners took it for nine months on end with very great effect on their output. It has no after-effects like those of alcohol, and one cannot take a serious overdose as it merely acts as a purgative. (They gave certain Stoss-truppen too much!) Thousands of people in Germany take it habitually. It is possible that it may become as normal a beverage as coffee or tea. It costs 1/9d. per pound, or 1/3d. per dose."

Haldane predicts that man will do away with the necessity for fertilizers by the development of plants infinitely exceeding all known vegetation, in their power of transferring nitrogen from the atmosphere to the soil.

Looking into the scientific future, Haldane makes these predictions, writing as though he were living 100 years hence:

"As a matter of fact it was not until 1940 (he here projects himself into the future) that Selkovski invented the purple alga Porphyrococcus fixator which is to have so great an effect on the world's history.

"Porphyrococcus is an enormously efficient nitrogen-fixer and will grow in almost any climate where there are water and traces of potash and phosphates in the

soil, obtaining its nitrogen from the air. It has about the effect in four days that a crop of vetches would have had in a year.

"Wherever nitrogen was the principal limiting factor in plant growth it doubled the yield of wheat, and quadrupled the value of grass land for grazing purposes. The enormous fall in food prices and the ruin of purely agricultural states was of course one of the chief causes of the disastrous events of 1943 and 1944.

"The food glut was also greatly accentuated when in 1942 the Q strain of Porphyrococcus escaped into the sea and multiplied with enormous rapidity. Indeed for two months the surface of the tropical Atlantic set to a jelly with disastrous results to the weather of Europe. (Stopping flow of Gulf Stream.)

"When certain of the plankton organisms developed ferments capable of digesting it, the increase of the fish population of the seas was so great as to make fish the universal food that it is now, and to render even England self-supporting in respect of food.

"I need not detail the work of Ferguson and Rahmatullah who in 1957 produced the lichen which has bound the drifting sand of the world's deserts (for it was merely a continuation of that of Selkovski), nor yet the story of how the agricultural countries dealt with their unemployment by huge socialistic windpower schemes."

Everybody knows that certain plants, clover, cow peas, vetch, etc., take nitrogen from the air and deposit it in the soil at the roots of the plants. This power MIGHT be greatly increased, and Haldane predicts it. A crop of crimson clover, plowed under, is the best fertilizer that the farmer can have. But it means losing one year's use of the soil. Haldane's imaginary *Porphyrococcus fixator* is by no means a preposterous prediction. Nothing has been done as yet to increase the nitrogen fixing powers of plants. When you consider the difference between a gigantic

head of cabbage, and the small worthless plant growing along the edge of the sea from which it was developed, when you think of an ear of corn half as long as your arm, produced by patient cultivation from some feeble wild grain, back in the Stone Age, you realize that science might well do, in the development of nitrogen fixing plants, all that Haldane predicts.

These last abbreviated quotations from Haldane represent his suggestion of what is going to happen. More important, perhaps, than producing food in abundance would be, if it were possible, the producing of a lichen, or other plant, to hold fast the drifting sands of the world's deserts.

Sands drifting with the wind, plus erosion caused by rainfall and streams have ruined some of the most fertile countries on the globe.

When human beings become intelligent enough to fight nature's forces, instead of fighting each other, battles against deserts, sands and winds, will be far more important, and glorious, than Waterloo or the Marne.

After discussing future creation of power and food unlimited, Haldane takes up the problem of creating a better human race to enjoy the new prosperity and be worthy of it.

He allows full rein to his imagination, based, it must be remembered, on scientific training and sound knowledge.

Haldane has no good opinion of eugenics, the art of producing better human beings, as its advocates now plan it—by selection of the best mothers and best fathers, to create a better race.

"The eugenic official, a compound, it would appear, of the policeman, the priest and the procurer, is to hale us off at suitable intervals to the local temple of Venus Genetrix with a partner chosen, one gathers, by something of the nature of a glorified medical board.

"To this prophecy, I should reply that it proceeds from a type of mind lacking in originality as in knowledge of human nature. Marriage, "by numbers," so to speak, was a comparatively novel idea when proposed by Plato 2,300 years ago, but it has already actually been practiced in various places, notably among the subjects of the Jesuits in Paraguay. It is moreover likely, as we shall see, that the ends proposed by the eugenist, will be attained in a very different manner."

Professor Haldane accepts birth control, limitation of population, by the mothers, as a matter of course. He predicts great future honor for Bradlaugh and Annie Besant, pioneers of birth control and passes over religious objections to the practice by saying:

"It is impossible to keep religion out of any discussion. There is no great invention, from fire to flying, which has not been hailed as an insult to some god."

That's a reference to the belief that Prometheus

was punished and torn by the vultures for stealing fire from the gods.

Biology, the study of life, is Haldane's specialty, and he devotes to it many pages of his little book.

You will be interested in his reference to biological development in the remote past, before the dawn of history. One important "biological invention," says he, "changed our idea of beauty from the steatapygous Hottentot to the modern European, from the Venus of Brassempouy to the Venus of Milo."

Haldane predicts that the human race will be reproduced by scientific selection instead of natural selection. This enthusiastic biologist quotes the fact that scientists have already succeeded in transferring an unborn rabbit from one mother to another, as evidence of marvelous things to be accomplished by scientists operating on human beings.

The curse of suffering in childbirth, laid upon Eve and her daughters, for all time, will be ended by science. Women will be free from all childbirth pains and child-bearing responsibilities. And the very highest types of human beings on earth will alone be allowed to reproduce their kind.

That of course is interesting scientific nonsense to most of us. You may say that in these days of flying machines and wireless it seems dangerous to call anything impossible. Nevertheless, it seems safe to predict that men while improving plants, and ultimately passing from meat eating to vegetarianism, will still depend upon the soil and the sunlight for their food and their flowers, and also depend on affection and voluntary selection for the perpetuation of the human race.

Childbirth will be made painless of course—that should be accomplished certainly within the century. Anaesthetics already have worked wonders.

Instead of allowing only the finest samples of human beings (who is to decide WHICH they are) to perpetuate the species, a better race will breed out and eliminate the INFERIOR specimens.

That process has gone on steadily for two hundred thousand years at least.

The science of the future, of course, will give to men of high intelligence a power over other human beings far beyond the dreams and plans of the world's great autocrats and tyrants. Modern warfare proves it. The ancient warriors hurled great stones against the walls of a besieged city, diverted the course of a river, poisoned wells and streams, starved and burned the enemy slowly, inefficiently.

Today science with its flying machines, poison gases and terrific explosives might destroy in an hour more lives than were sacrificed in all the wars of Caesar, Alexander and Napoleon combined.

Bertrand Russell, admirable student, but occasionally pessimistic and gloomy, foresees as a result of scientific achievement, troubles for the human race greater than any it has known.

Of the dominating scientific rulers of the future, Bertrand Russell says in "Icarus":

"There is no reason to suppose that they will have more sense than the men who control today. Technical scientific knowledge does not make men sensible in their aims, and administrators, in the future, will be presumably no less stupid and no less prejudiced than they are at present."

Bertrand Russell observes that "in the present age the purposes of the power-holders are in the main evil." Which by the way is not true. Their purposes are selfish, not evil. There's a difference. Mr. Russell fears that science, dangerous now, may be more dangerous in future because it "increases the power of rulers."

His melancholy conclusion is that "science is no substitute for virtue."

History, however, justifies no such pessimism. Science can end brutal selfishness, by supplying enough for all. Oppression and cruelty are based on selfishness. A Rajah, with an electric fan, would compel no slave to work his punkah, all night long.

Everything that Russell foresees and fears is answered in ten words by Dante: "GIVE LIGHT AND THE PEOPLE WILL FIND THEIR OWN WAY."

Science is LIGHT. And with every new forward step in science, the human race has improved. Science may not be a "substitute for virtue," but it increases happiness, diminishes brutality, gives the feeble man strength equal to that of the powerful man and thus increases virtue through fear.

In war men kill each other abominably and in wholesale fashion with the aid of science. But nobody can suggest that human beings, humble or great, are as brutal as they once were.

At the end of the late war with millions killed, England, France and other nations talked for awhile about "hanging the Kaiser" but they didn't hang him.

A few centuries ago, a great ruler and conqueror, enlightened for his time, could say quite casually of another king whom he had captured, "I cut off his nose and his lips and chained him at my door."

You couldn't imagine King George of England, or the President of the French Republic, cutting off the nose and lips of the Kaiser, and chaining HIM at the door.

Brutality, cruelty, and poverty are the children of darkness and IGNORANCE. Science is knowledge. It destroys cruelty and brutality by fighting poverty and ignorance.

Every step in scientific progress has been one step away from cruelty, brutality and misery. You do not doubt it, after you have read Lecky's "History of European Morals" or the fifteen hundred pages of Westermarck's two volumes on "The Origin and Development of the Moral Ideas."

There was not much science in Greece or in Rome. There was infinite cruelty and brutality. Exposing infants to die of cold or be devoured by dogs was LEGAL everywhere, and in Sparta it was COMPULSORY in the case of deformed or sickly infants.

Westermarck devotes long chapters to "the killing of children," without taint of "crime," the killing of slaves, women, human sacrifice.

Haldane's imaginary *Porphyrococcus fixator* multiplying the fertility of the fields, by taking nitrogen from the air, is a great improvement on the agricultural methods of the North American Indian in Virginia. According to Strachey, as quoted by Westermarck, these Indians held a yearly sacrifice of children. The sacrifices were thought necessary, children were slaughtered and their blood poured out on the ground, because, without such sacrifices, the gods would not give good crops or allow the Indians to catch deer, turkeys or fish. In addition, the Indians believed that if they didn't sacrifice the children and sprinkle the ground with their blood, the gods "would make a great slaughter amongst them"—the adult Indians.

Modern agricultural science with its tractors, nitrates, phosphates, etc., is a considerable improvement on the primitive, blood besprinkled, agriculture of the Indians and others.

Find time to buy and read these two little books

"Daedalus or Science and the Future" by J. B. S. Haldane; and "Icarus, or the Future of Science," by Bertrand Russell.

ICARUS AS A WARNING

Bertrand Russell, able British scientist and mathematician, calls his little book "Icarus," because Icarus, son of Daedalus, was led to destruction, by his reliance on science.

Daedalus, inventor of the flying machine and other things, represents successful science. Bertrand Russell selects the unfortunate son Icarus, as a warning against TOO MUCH reliance on science.

If Icarus hadn't tried to fly, like his father, he wouldn't have been killed. Haldane builds up a scientific Utopia, in which man solves all his problems of nourishment, happiness, propagation and everything else with the aid of science.

Bertrand Russell takes a gloomy view of science and writes his little book in a vein of philosophical pessimism. He admits Haldane's scientific equipment, does not deny the POSSIBILITY of any of Haldane's predictions being realized. But Bertrand Russell, unnecessarily it would seem in the light of the past, distrusts science and its achievements. He says:

"I am compelled to fear that science will be used to promote the power of dominant groups rather than to make men happy."

Once more, read these two books, "Daedalus" and "Icarus." They reflect admirably modern scientific speculation and planning.

PART II

Are You MASTER OF YOURSELF?

If Not, You Are the Slave of Yourself and Others, a Drifting Chip

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud.
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
Looms out the horror of the shade,
And yet the menace of the years
Finds, and shall find, me unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate;
I am the captain of my soul.

W. E. Henley.

VERY pretty lines, indeed, but to how many of us do they apply? How many really are captains of the ship "Myself?"

Man is a ship on the ocean of life. The captain is WILL POWER.

The will controls life; we must control the will.

What we call will is made up of all the impulses, passions, and appetites within the body, PLUS REASON. Reason, the power to control ourselves,

to control our inclinations, is the one thing that makes a MAN of a creature that otherwise would be simply an improved animal.

The biggest question in life is this: "Is it possible to control the will and through the will control oneself and life's conditions?

IT IS POSSIBLE, in spite of the teachings of superstition, of fatalism, and of mental weakness.

These words are plain:

*"See, I have set before thee this day life and good, and death and evil: * * * therefore choose life, that both thou and thy seed may live."*—DEUTERONOMY, *xxx*: 15, 19.

Man is born with all possibilities of good and of evil. "Out of the mouth of God cometh neither good nor bad." Man is born also with the power TO CHOOSE, if he will exert his will.

Exercise of the will is, as the English philosopher and historian Lecky points out, the power to CONCENTRATE thought and keep it concentrated.

The monkey in his cage first thinks of a peanut shell, then of a piece of straw, then of the trapeze over his head, then of the bars, which he rattles.

He cannot keep his mind upon any one thing for a quarter of a second.

That is why he is a monkey. Don't be like him. Practice concentration of thought, keeping your mind at one thing, controlling your entire life and yourself by the power of the will, which should be the captain of your ship.

All the education that all the colleges of the world could give would not equal in value the education that you can give YOURSELF by compelling your

mind to work steadily and your will to keep pointing in one direction.

Nobody can teach you that but yourself. Here is a quotation from Lecky. You might paste it up on your mirror, thus making sure that you will see it frequently when you study your thoughtful face or your new necktie in the morning.

"The discipline of thought; the establishment of an ascendancy of the will over our courses of thinking; the power of casting away morbid trains of reflection and turning resolutely to other subjects or aspects of life; the power of concentrating the mind vigorously on a serious subject and pursuing continuous trains of thought—form perhaps the best fruits of judicious self-education.

"Its importance, indeed, is manifold. In the higher walks of intellect, this power of mental concentration is of supreme value. Newton is said to have ascribed mainly to an unusual amount of it his achievements in philosophy, and it is probable that the same might be said by most other great thinkers.

"It is in such exercises of will that we chiefly realize the truth of the lines of Tennyson:

"'Oh, well for him whose will is strong,
He suffers, but he will not suffer long.'"

We all realize the importance of telling the truth to each other. It is even more important to tell the truth to YOURSELF.

To WILL that you will do a thing and then fail is to lie to yourself. Weakness of will, like lying, is a matter of habit. Eventually it becomes fixed and hopeless.

Do you ask WHAT serious problems could be solved absolutely by will power? Here are a few:

The drink problem, the problem of extravagance, the problem of immorality, of laziness; the problem of an anxious, penniless old age, and there are a thousand others—all problems that WILL would solve.

FOOLISH NOTION

A Buddhist believes that he can improve his health and mind by standing on one foot, closing one nostril and pronouncing the mystic word "Om."

He is mistaken. He really needs to sit down with both feet in a bathtub, scrub himself with soap and water, and take deep breaths through BOTH nostrils.

DESTROY POVERTY

The cry of civilization should be "Poverty must be destroyed." Poverty is not to be destroyed by charity—which is a makeshift and an aggravation —but by intelligence, conscience, diverting the power of the ablest men from selfish ACCUMULATION to generous DISTRIBUTION.

When a rich man thinks about the welfare of his country and of his fellow men, as a college boy thinks about the success of his football team, many of our problems will be solved.

He Thought He Was Civilized

And We Think Ourselves Civilized, but, like the Primitive Human in the Picture, We Represent One of the Stages of Diminishing Barbarism. This Man of the Stone Age Had Conquered with the Power of His Feeble Brain the Tusks of the Mammoth and the Horns of the Woolly Rhinoceros. That Meant Supreme Accomplishment for Him. We of This More Civilized Day Have Conquered Air and Water, Steam, Electricity and Distance. And We Call That Civilization. But Real Civilization Is Far Off.

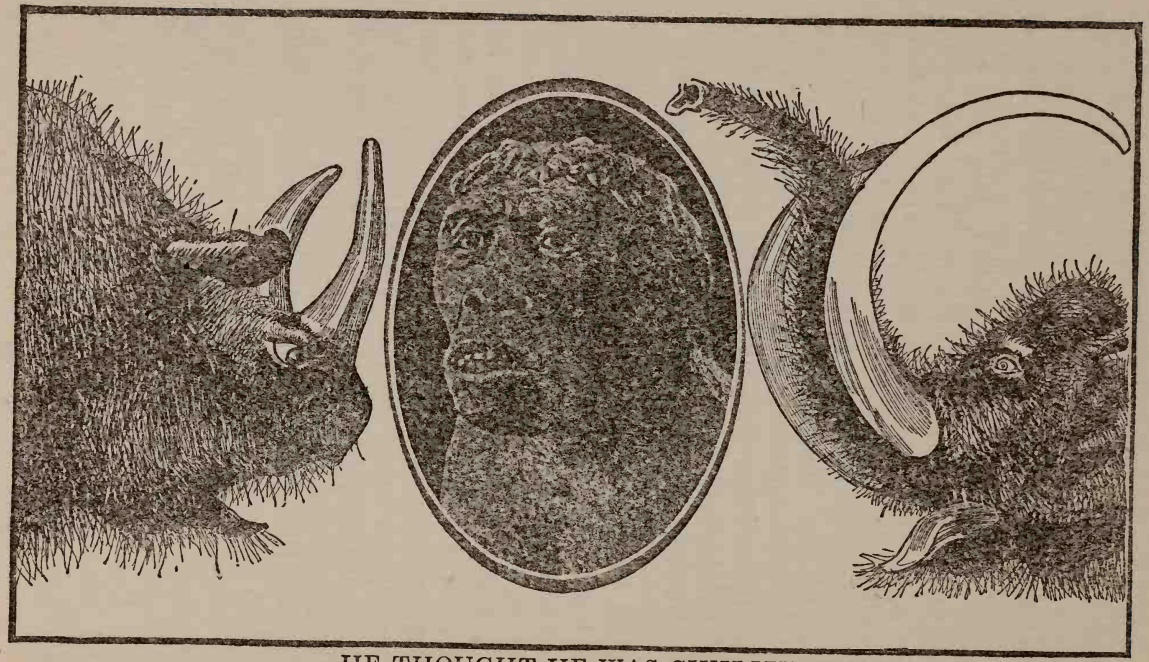
What is civilization, when did it begin, how far will it go? Every time that this man of the Stone Age came from his cave, five hundred thousand years ago, he was on the lookout to kill and avoid being killed. Every animal was his enemy and his prey. Every man-shaped creature, except the few of his own herd, was his enemy and would eat him.

He had a strong club or spear of wood and at the end, fastened to it with the sinews of an animal, a sharp piece of flint.

To him that represented the highest accomplishment of genius.

He could stand behind a tree and kill his enemy unseen. He could lie in wait on an overhanging bough and break the backbone of an animal passing below him.

He sincerely believed that he represented the highest development that could be hoped for.



HE THOUGHT HE WAS CIVILIZED
Stone Age Man and Two Prehistoric Animals

(*See editorial*)

He and the members of his tribe, whistling, grunting and making signs, would dig a pit with sharp stones and pieces of wood hardened in the fire, or with their finger nails. They would cover the opening with branches and leaves and wait a week or longer for a mammoth or rhinoceros to fall in. Then they'd feed on the flesh, sleep and eat again and congratulate themselves on being the masters of the earth, the last word among living beings.

So, if the animals in the picture, types of the creatures that lived side by side with this man, could have spoken, each would have said that he, with his power, was lord of creation.

Each could easily kill the man with a blow of foot, horns or trunk.

But the real ruler was man, for he had learned to rely on the thinking power in that low forehead, not on the powerful muscles of arms or neck, or the cutting force of the doglike teeth and powerful jaws.

Study carefully the face taken from Osborn's book, "Men of the Old Stone Age."

This is the type of man from whom the civilized being, so called, of to-day descends.

His hair grows down upon his neck and back, and upon his chest.

He is all built for fighting as much of an animal as the beasts on either side of him unless you look closely.

To see the difference of a human being, however

low, and an animal, look at the eyes in these three pictures. Alone, the eyes of the man show that thought is stirring behind them.

There is no capacity for pity there, as yet, only a faint gleam of selfish animal affection. But thought has begun. There is curiosity there, the desire to make a spear with a sharper point, a club with a heavier end. There is the desire for improvement, lacking utterly in all other animals.

In the desire for something better that you see in this face of your ancestor there is all the future accomplishment of the human race, including all that we have done and all the marvels, inconceivable to us, that will be accomplished by our successors.

Brutal as it is, the face of this Stone Age man says to you, "I want to do better; I am not satisfied as I am." The brute faces on either side are satisfied, utterly.

Dissatisfaction pushes this man up. In half a million years it changes the spear, that he hurled twenty yards, to a rifled cannon that will shoot seventy miles.

It moves him from a cave in the rocks to a palace of glass and iron lighted with the force of lightning and heated with coal from the earth's interior.

Dissatisfaction takes him in a submarine to the bottom of the ocean, and in his flying machine to the freezing heights of the air.

This man grunted and shrieked his signals to the savage across the valley. We, his descendants, talk without wires to our friend on the under side of the earth.

It was dissatisfaction with signs and grunts that

gave this man the beginning of a spoken language.

It was dissatisfaction with hieroglyphics, picture language, that gave us our alphabet and literature; dissatisfaction with the papyrus scroll that gave us the rotary press that delivers ten million printed words in an hour.

There are in nature two forces, neither understood, that work constantly to prevent stagnation. They are the power of gravity, which unites matter to matter, and the radioactive forces, that send off through space particles of matter with the speed of light and terrific force.

In the nature of man there is habit, which is like the force of gravitation, holding us down, keeping us together, preventing too sudden change. And there is dissatisfaction, counterpart of radioactivity, that prevents stagnation, monotony and decay.

Pity the country or individual in which no dissatisfaction exists, for there you have an end of improvement.

In Asia you may find such a country. The low caste man accepting his meanness as just, and the high caste man not dissatisfied with the injustice that he inflicts upon the low, represent absence of dissatisfaction and stagnation.

The savage in this picture at one time represented the world's highest intellectual development. Other beings more or less human lived on the earth near him, dwelling, some of them, up in the trees. He pursued, conquered and exterminated them, and

thought himself "the superior race—perfect, finished."

How surprised he would be if he could come back now and see the explosive shell that used to be his club.

How surprised we of this age would be if we could come back five hundred thousand years from now—perhaps we shall—and see what the second half million years of existence will have done for the human race.

Imagine what wonders you will, you could not possibly guess one-tenth of the truth, as this "man" could not have guessed the telephone, differential calculus or Kepler's law.

We glory in our high civilization. So does this man, yet he had only his club, with the flint tip, and the art of making fire to show for all his boasting.

What have we to show?

We have done wonders in material accomplishment.

If you had seen this Stone Age man walking across a valley, proud of himself, going over to help one of his tribe eat a conquered enemy, you would have said, "He has a long way to travel before becoming really human." History five hundred thousand years from now will look back with pity on us, our wars, our killings, our glories, our battleships and our guns.

That age will say of us just what we say of this Stone Age man, "How far you have to travel, poor thing, before you reach the outskirts of civilization.

How fortunate that you feel proud of yourself. That makes life possible for you.

"How fortunate that you are dissatisfied. That means certain progress."

Keep alive within yourself dissatisfaction—and be dissatisfied, especially with YOURSELF.

DON'T WASTE

The only real wealth is human labor. If you don't waste that, nothing matters. Be as big a fool as you like, with your money.

If you spend what you have, you must work to get more. And that's a good thing for the world, forcing you TO PRODUCE SOMETHING.

Money wasted can be got back, labor wasted is wasted forever.

SOMEBODY

What is OPPORTUNITY? It is the chance to do something, to get something, to achieve something, to climb out of the rut, TO BE SOMEBODY of value to the world.

READINESS

BE READY. The way to be ready is to be at work. Opportunity comes to the worker, not to the idler who is waiting for opportunity to come.

Flying Train, Earth and River—

And the Human Tree, Dead at the Top.

The wide river is a dull, metallic blue. The low hills on the western shore, black. The higher hills, farther back, are blue like the river. The sky is dull yellow where the sun has vanished and pale blue above. A few copper-colored clouds drift close to the earth on the horizon. Overhead the sky is bright blue, and in the middle the young moon, bright silver, is shining.

The train rushes onward, following the earth's round surface.

That earth rolls through space, turning on its axis a thousand miles in an hour, going around the sun in a spiral journey of more than five hundred million miles every year.

The sun, in his turn, at frightful speed flies toward the great star Vega, taking with him his planets and their moons and the tiny beings that cling to the planets.

Rushing train, whirling earth, sun flying through infinite space, and, for aught we know, that which we call the universe, Milky Way, double and triple stars and nebulae, all are traveling, all on some mysterious journey.

As you look the blue sky changes to black and the hills and mountains grow black as the last faint tinge of the sun's yellow fades from the horizon's edge. The water becomes black, like the sky, the

trees are flying shadows, the earth loses color, as old age loses color and life, and night settles down.

What a wonderful panorama is the change from day to night! The big light of the sun goes out and a million little lights are visible because the great light has gone.

There are ten thousand changes in color and beauty—small, black islands in the water, round, high mountains, bare trees that look like spider webs, old houses as lonely as the lives of the dead inhabitants. And there is the marvel of motion and speed—the earth turning toward the east, the train flying toward the west, the great river flowing to the ocean, the earth in its little annual journey of five hundred million miles and the sun in a pilgrimage that passes the comprehension of man!

How long might finite intelligence contemplate the wonders revealed in one single hour!

While all the colors of the earth and the sun change to black, in one compartment of the train sits a prosperous woman, gray-haired, and in another compartment a prosperous man of middle age.

Each sits at a table, with cards spread out upon it.

One turns over three cards at a time, looks at the third, puts them down, turns over three more, looks at the third, puts them down, and so on for hours.

The other turns over a card, puts a black knave on a red queen, searches for a black eight upon which to place a red seven, and so on for hours.

Through all the changes from day to night, from blue sky, blue water and moonlight to darkness—the woman and the man play at "solitaire."

Do you wonder that a thinking mind should

neglect to look at the wonders of the world that it will soon see no more? You need not wonder.

The train stops and beside the track in the electric light at the crossing you see a tree dead at the top.

And you realize that human beings, like trees, die at the top. The body lives on, but the life of the mind has stopped.

TWO FRIENDS

In planning to make yourself successful, to prevent defeat that threatens, or to overcome some particular difficulty, WILL POWER is the force and IMAGINATION is the guide.

ON TRAINS

A good book in your pocket—a definite train of thought occupying and interesting your mind—those are the friends to take on a railroad journey, not a pack of cards or a two-legged gossip.

CHEERFUL FATHERS

Never take bad humor home with you.

A cheerful, happy family is more important than a big successful day in business.

Children form their ideas of life, duty, and character by studying their fathers.

A child lacking respect for its mother is sincerely to be pitied, and lack of respect for the mother is nearly always BORN OF THE FATHER'S ILL HUMOR, CRITICISM OR RIDICULE.

The Eye of the World

It Will Take Scientists on a Cosmic Journey Whence They Will Bring Back Wealth of KNOWLEDGE Untold.

How do you look at the stars, when the moon, our little earth lantern, is hidden, and the universe burns and blazes in the sky above you?

Imagine different creatures looking at a flying express train.

The hoptoad beside the track hears the noise but does not even see the train.

A savage from the jungle would throw himself flat on his face, not trying to understand the dreadful, rushing, screaming monster.

A modern civilized man understands the train, calculates its speed, knows its destination.

Thus human beings look at the stars above us, the real universe in which we and our little earth are nothing.

One that we call a great genius, Napoleon, stands on the deck of his battleship, points his thick, short arm toward the sky and says, "You may talk as long as you please, gentlemen, but who made all that?"

He believes that he has said something powerful, tending to demonstrate the existence of a Supreme Being. All those things are up there in the air, therefore somebody must have MADE them, just

THE EYE OF THE WORLD

The Human Eye—Most Marvelous Mechanism

(*See editorial*)

as Napoleon ordered the making of the battleship on which he stands—and that settles it for him.

Galileo, born nearly four hundred years ago, heard that somebody in Holland had made a tube that brought distant objects closer to the eye.

With that information, Galileo made the first telescope and, first of all human beings upon this planet, he looked upon the mountains, craters and valleys of the moon, observed the phases of Venus, and studied the moons of Jupiter.

Galileo was the first guide that led the human race into outside spaces and made them realize that they were travelers on a tiny ship, sailing in company with a great fleet of suns and planets.

In 1642 Galileo died and in that same year was born the great Newton, who explained how and why the suns, planets, and comets move obedient to the law of gravitation. He formulated that law, enabling men that came after him to search at a certain spot in the heavens for a new planet and find it, or predict accurately the return of a comet.

A wonderful farmer's son was Newton, taking up as a boy a book on geometry and throwing it aside because it was too trifling; he knew automatically all that was in it and found it not worth reading.

He taught the human mind the science of mathematics. He made it possible for men to deal with the dimensions of infinite space, gave them the law governing motion and space.

The great Napoleon looking at the stars may be compared to the toad looking at an express train. Galileo, first exploring distant space, studying the

moon's surface and finding that Jupiter had a collection of moons where our earth has one, was like the savage seeing the express train for the first time.

And Newton, measuring, arranging, defining, was like the civil engineer that lays the railroad beds straight and helps future traffic.

You cannot make a hoptoad think intelligently about an express train.

You could not interest Napoleon in double and triple stars, or in the fact that light traveling around this earth seven times in a second is still coming, and has not yet reached us from stars so distant that the life of our planet, hundreds of millions of years, is not enough to allow fast traveling light to make the journey.

Every human being, moderately intelligent, is interested in this picture, illustrating in a striking way the erection of the new and biggest world telescope at the observatory on Mount Wilson.

With this new cosmic eye man will look trillions of miles into space.

It is expected that this eye will enable men to see "all the stars in our corner of creation."

The milky way, that stretches above you like a belt across the sky, is made up of millions of suns, so close together that they look like one path of light. Around each speck of light in that belt travel planets, and upon those planets men, some of them possibly lower than ourselves, and others infinitely above us, plan and live and are born and die and WONDER.

It is literally impossible to give to the human

mind, even the trained mind, any conception of the distance to which this great telescope will penetrate into space and show the blazing suns made faint by distance.

In one year light travels more than 5,800,000,000,000 of miles. Those figures mean absolutely nothing to any of us.

With our present telescope, sixty inches in diameter, we can see stars so far away that it takes the light forty-five thousand years, traveling at the above-mentioned rate of speed, to journey from one of those stars to our planet.

This new giant telescope will show stars separated from us by the distance through which light could travel in seventy-two thousand years.

To get any conception of that distance multiply 5,800,000,000,000 miles by 72,000.

Little creatures we are, indeed.

Those vast distances, hundreds of thousands of trillions of miles, are all included in our little "corner" of creation. Compared with that space, the earth on which you dwell is not one millionth time the size of a grain of sand on the seashore.

But remember this and take pride in it:

Small and feeble as man is, it is HIS GENIUS that creates the telescope that carries his sight so far into space.

It is the genius of man, working through the ages that measures these distances, weighs and measures the sun a million times greater than our sun, which is a million times greater than our earth.

The genius of man makes it possible for him to see and study, without faltering, those frightful

abysses of space. And this proves more than Napoleon's childish statement, "Somebody made all that."

It proves that the mind of man is a part of the POWER that "made all that."

It proves that man has within his brain the possibility of unlimited development, the marvelous faculty, he a poor finite creature, of dealing WITH THE INFINITE, measuring it, studying it, questioning it, and, at last, perhaps, understanding it.

The body in which your thinking spirit lives is made up of billions of separate cells—each one having its separate life, eating, drinking, breathing, living, and dying.

Earthly humanity to which you belong is made up of fifteen hundred millions of creatures like yourself.

Our sun, with its little group of planets, is to our corner of the universe like one of the billions of little cells in your body.

What we call "the starry system or visible universe," that little neighborhood with which this great telescope will make us acquainted, that field in space, a few hundred thousand trillion miles in diameter, is but one of many fields, one little group living, moving, changing with endless trillions of other similar groups, in a universe that is infinite, without any possible beginning or end, going on through infinite time that never began and never will end.

Man is a brave little creature here on his ball of mud. He is brave, not because he can endure murdering others and being murdered in turn.

He is brave because through a few of his representatives he has the power and courage to contemplate infinite time, space, and matter without limit. And he is a microcosmic genius because his tiny brain, in a feeble, helpless body, actually sees, studies, measures, and weighs that which is endless billions and trillions of miles distant from the little globe upon which he dwells.

The eye in this picture MUST interest you.

The use of this telescope peering out into space is like the opening of its eyes by a child newborn.

We are only beginning mental life.

This telescope will help to answer the question that men have asked, from the beginning, "Why are we here, whither are we going, what is the plan, what is it all FOR?"

SELF EDUCATION

Let a man today be able to read, and be otherwise comparatively ignorant, in one year from today, if he will use HIS TIME, and only his SPARE time, he may be a man of good average education.

The reading of a dozen books properly selected and digested would give a man knowledge sufficient of history, astronomy, geology, evolution, philosophy, physiology, and of human thought.

In America the prohibition plan is "Apply prohibition to others—for yourself a private cellar."

The Brown Rat In Chicago's Lincoln Park

He Never Goes to Look at the Great Lake. His Hole in the Ground Interests Him.

He is a friendly big rat, with deep brown fur like that of a mink. Perhaps his father or mother was some unusual rat escaped from the zoo close by.

You pass his hole at the foot of a small tree on the east side of the drive as you walk from the bear pit to climb over suicide bridge at the edge of Lake Michigan, in Chicago.

When you watch him he watches you. He does not go down into his hole unless you presume too much and get close enough to see his eyes distinctly.

Then he goes down, but soon comes up and keeps the tree between you and him. He does not like to miss the end of the day.

He is wonderfully active, alert, and EFFICIENT.

His trail leads from the foot of the tree beside the drive to the landlocked body of water upon which the little motor boats lie at night and on stormy days, going on the lake when it is safe.

He can swim—that brown rat—and does swim. He is a wonderfully organized boat—the only one on the water that never gets out of order.

His engine is his heart, the nerves are his "transmission" and ignition, his lungs are his carburetor,

and the brain in the rat skull—as mysterious as your own brain—is his driver.

He lives happy in his domain, never doubting that the whole park was made for him, as we little beings believe the whole universe was made for us. He is quite sure that the motors rushing by his rat-hole on the drive are NOT inhabited, and that no intelligent mind created them. HE is an agnostic—you can't make him believe anything that he cannot understand and prove—and, as he cannot understand or prove very much, he is a happy and self-satisfied rat, and knows that the yarn about the park being laid out and the stone drive made "on purpose" is a fairy story not to be swallowed by any AGNOSTIC rat.

He is a good rat however; minds his own business, keeps regular hours, and never goes over to look at the big lake.

He runs up and down his little path, lives in his hole at the foot of the tree, looks with contempt at the queer gray animals with bushy tails that live UP the tree, and some day he will die in his hole, with his teeth grown long, and die convinced that he has not missed anything that life has to offer.

You may see that rat any evening if you will take the trouble to visit Chicago's Lincoln Park and watch at the right spot.

You can see many rats like him in any part of any big city. They are humans, not rodents, two-legged and without fur, but intellectually they, too, are rats.

They live in their little holes and have their little runways. They deny what they can't understand,

and they never look at the big lake, which, to human beings walking erect, is the great, mysterious sky of night with all its beauty and grandeur.

Beautiful is Lake Michigan, that the brown rat has never seen, although he might reach it in ten minutes from his hole.

The sun is down, leaving behind him enough light to cover the water with deep, dark purple.

The rising moon fights with pale light against thin clouds and against the bright memory of the sun just gone. A wind full of life and power blows across the water, carrying cold with it. Those that must walk by the lake to get from work to their holes hurry and shiver. The trees are taking on the dreariness of winter.

In the southwest one great planet shines with pure light. When you will have been dead a million years that noble light will shine in that same spot, and then, perhaps men will begin to know and appreciate "the lake" near which they live.

It is the lake of infinite space and unending time, the lake of the stars and planets, comets and nebulae—the lake in which solar systems are the units, the Milky Way a single current, and we microscopic atoms of life clinging to a grain of sand.

The brown rat of Lincoln Park never sees the great lake a few hundred yards from his hole—10,000,000 miles could not separate him from it more completely. And if he did see it, it would mean to him only dreariness, horror and terror—it is too big for his brain, too overwhelming for his courage.

We rats who live here do not see OUR great lake, the eternal, infinite universe in which our grain of sand is rolling.

And because we are cosmic rats, and less than rats, we recoil from it in terror and horror, as that brown rat would recoil from the lake so near him.

We invent time and space and the clock to comfort us.

We plan a gilded heaven at the top of infinity and a painful hell at the bottom. We cannot bear to look at it as it is. We cannot bear to face it, study it and revere it.

But man, built to stand straight and look at the sky, will not forever be a human rat, living in an intellectual hole in the ground.

The stars that come out one by one and look down so coldly will see a different race as the thousands of centuries go by. They will see us always tiny, feeble, pitiful little beginnings of thought, for we cannot rise above our planet. But they will see man at least not afraid to face his destiny and study the universe that contains him.

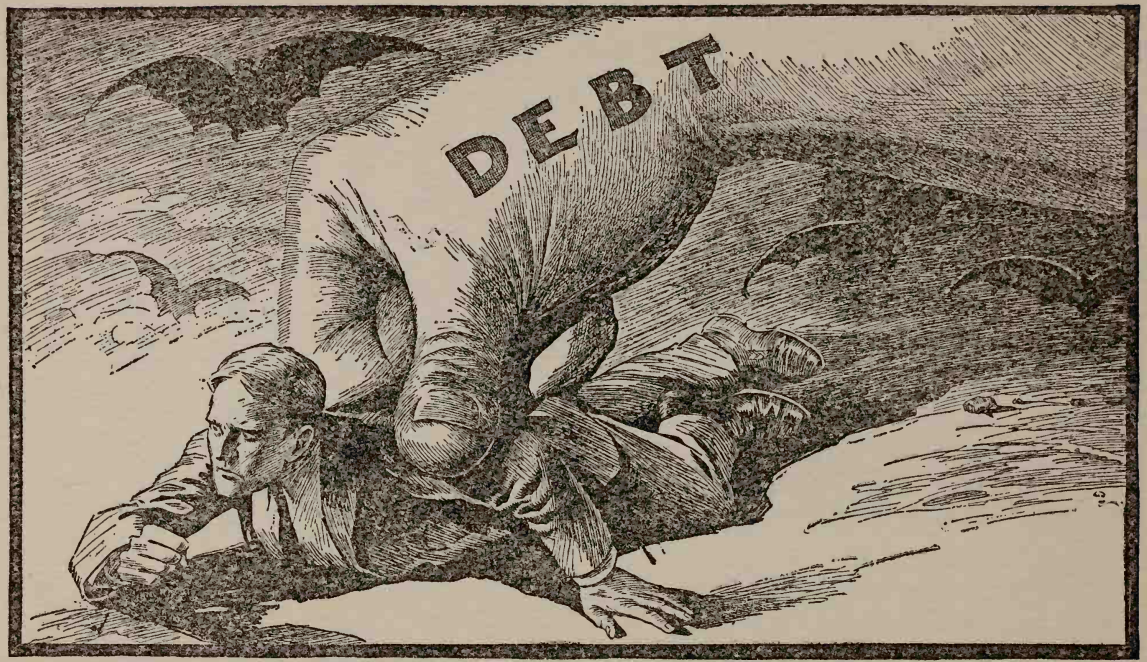
Man will find the courage to live mentally and to THINK as far out in the universe as his telescope will carry him—and far beyond.

He will glory in the fact that he dwells in the infinite and can think in the infinite.

He will not be forever the mental brother of the rat of Lincoln Park.

DOER OR WATCHER?

The emptiest, dullest thing is the man who has been everywhere—HAS SEEN AND WATCHED EVERYTHING—and who himself has never DONE anything. That's the type of the worthless rich idler.



KEEP OUT OF DEBT—YOU KEEP OUT OF SLAVERY

Does This Thumb Press Down On You? (*See editorial*)

Keep Out of Debt—You Keep Out of Slavery

"The Borrower Is Servant to the Lender"—
Proverbs, xxii., 7.

No man knows better than the borrower how true this picture is. And every man that is in debt, or that has lived under the curse of debt will gladly hand this to some young man or woman, reinforcing its teaching with words much stronger than those written here.

KEEP OUT OF DEBT.

Make that your watchword in life. Free from debt, you are a free *man*. With debts hanging over you, freedom is gone, independence, and that feeling of energy that makes success easy.

The simplest—and EASIEST—way to attain prosperity and independence is to make it an absolute rule never to buy what you cannot pay for, and never to borrow.

There is no greater material curse in our civilized life than the loose credit system that prevails among us.

Encouraging men and women to run into debt is a crime—and every man engaged in enslaving others through debt should be made to lose his money.

Credit is necessary to commerce. But credit is not necessary to the individual. There is no reason

why the young and foolish, or the OLD and foolish should be lured into buying what is beyond their means. Debts for all purchases save necessaries of life should be outlawed after a short period. There should be laws to protect weak human nature against itself, as well as laws to protect the merchant against loss.

The law recognizes this principle in dealing with men under twenty-one years of age. A young man of twenty is called in law an "infant," and debts contracted at that age may be legally repudiated by him when he reaches twenty-one.

The law says that you lend such a boy money or sell goods to him at your own risk.

It should say the same in all transactions in which it is apparent that the purpose of lender or seller is to prey on the weakness of human nature, and make profit out of it.

The welfare of all classes should be the chief interest of the lawmakers, and in the present loose credit conditions, permitting schemers to get men and women in their debt, there is failure to recognize a right ABOVE THE RIGHT TO MAKE MONEY, and that is the right of the individual to protection from schemers of all kinds; to be protected when necessary and when it can be done AGAINST THEIR OWN WEAKNESS OF CHARACTER.

But changes in laws that might interfere with money-making are hard to make. The laws are principally crystallized demands of money, and any change must come slowly.

You, the individual, however, need not wait for new laws. Why not make an absolute resolution TO PROTECT YOURSELF.

Make up your mind that you will not allow yourself to slip into the slavery of debt.

If you are in debt now, bend every energy to get out, and then STAY OUT.

It is largely a question of habit and of strengthening that part of the mind which enables us to say "NO" to ourselves.

What is it that makes a man run in debt? It is the foolish idea that he will be able, LATER, in some mysterious, unexplained way, to pay for a thing THAT HE CANNOT PAY FOR NOW.

Just make up your mind that what you cannot do NOW, you will never be able to do.

Debt is a LOAD, it is a mass of solid lead, weighing down upon the debtor.

If you find it hard to swim, to keep your head above water, at present, how will it be when the leaden weight presses down on you?

Wives should impress this fact upon their husbands and upon their children.

If a wife can influence her husband to keep out of debt she can make it practically sure that his life will not be a failure.

Every man is good for some credit—at the big bank for fifty thousand, or at the grocery store for two dollars.

Make no debts at all. PAY AS YOU GO, and if you can't pay—don't GO.

Don't go to the theatre if it means that you must run behind in rent or weekly bills.

Don't go out in fine new clothes IF YOU CAN'T PAY FOR THEM THE DAY YOU PUT THEM ON.

A man is more comfortable in old clothes that are paid for than in new clothes that interest nobody but himself, and that prove him to be a vain, weak man, unable to deny a foolish craving which threatens his whole career.

A very successful man, known all over the United States, was talking recently to a friend, a man younger than himself, earning a large income.

Said the older, abler man, "How much have you saved up?"

"Nothing," was the answer. "In fact, I owe about twenty thousand dollars. But that makes no difference with such an income as mine."

Said the older, wiser man: "It makes a great difference; it makes ALL the difference. Take my advice, get out of debt. And if you want any man of strength to think well of you, don't tell him what you have just told me. If any man wanted to go into a scheme with you what you have just said would frighten him off.

"He would think your income might be due to luck or to passing fancy. The fact that you run behind would make him feel sure that you would soon lose your power.

"Whereas, if you had money saved, he would look upon you as a man ABLE TO CONTROL YOURSELF, and therefore liable to control your job and your income indefinitely."

Young men will do well to think over this advice

—they would all gladly listen to the man that gave it.

The best proof of a man's strength is his POWER TO CONTROL HIMSELF. You respect the man that saves his money on a big or a little income.

Every dollar saved means that the man has been ABLE TO SAY NO. For every dollar in our foolish scale of living there is some imaginary want.

Every dollar earned could be spent in a dozen ways, if the owner of it were weak enough to yield to passing fancies. And for every dollar earned and spent another could be added to the load of debt.

The man that has no debts, and that has saved some money, proves that he can control himself.

The other kind of man, the man in debt, or the man always skimming along on the edge of debt, is simply a feather blown in the wind. Other things control him—the temptation in a store window, the unwise suggestion of a friend, the desire for admiration—HE DOES NOT CONTROL HIMSELF.

The wise, successful man whom we have quoted said very truly that you start with a big handicap the moment you are bound to confess that you haven't any money of your own.

Everybody knows YOU WOULD LIKE TO HAVE SOME. If you HAVEN'T got it it is proof that you cannot do for yourself what you want to do. Why should the future employer or partner believe that you will do any better for HIM than you have done FOR YOURSELF?

Ask any big employer what he thinks of the worker who is always asking for "a little money in advance." He knows that such a man is in debt. He knows he lacks brains or strength of character

to manage his own affairs, and he concludes that a better worker might easily be found.

Wives can do everything for their husbands by fighting against the tendency to run in debt.

The temptation is great. The man who loves his wife wants her to think well of him, and he wants to see her happy. He wants her to dress as well as the woman next door. But suppose the woman next door has a fool for a husband—suppose she is an extravagant fool herself! Don't let your husband follow a fool's example under the impression that he is showing respect for you.

What you want first of all is a husband for yourself and a father for your children that has STRENGTH OF CHARACTER. You want a man that you can admire. One that can say "No" to you, and THAT WILL SET THE EXAMPLE BY DENYING HIMSELF FIRST OF ALL.

We do not suggest MEANNESS in family expenditures. Wife and children should be provided for as well as a man can afford—BUT NOT BETTER THAN THE MAN CAN AFFORD.

Don't let the present eat up the future.

Take any old couple living in plenty and peace of mind. You will find—unless they inherited wealth—that economy and self-denial were features of their early married life. There is no end to the number of successful men who owe their prosperity to wise, prudent wives, hating debt and fighting against it.

And the list is pathetically long of ruined men and ruined homes, due to selfishness and debt contracting on one side or the other.

Here is a motto from Hamlet to hang up in the family dining room:

"Neither a borrower nor a lender be. For loan oft loses both itself and friend, and BORROWING DULLS THE EDGE OF HUSBANDRY."

There you have it in a nutshell, and in shape easily remembered.

Have strength of mind to say NO to others. Reckless lending is almost as bad as the meanness that never helps a friend in actual need.

Careless lending, as Shakespeare says, often causes the loss of both friend and money. And it comes from weakness—as does the debt habit from inability to say no to ourselves or to others.

Borrowing does indeed "DULL THE EDGE OF HUSBANDRY."

It discourages effort. The saddest sight in the old idea of Hades was poor Sisyphus rolling his rock up the hill, only to have it roll down again over and over—and every borrower is a Sisyphus in real life —the load is always too much for him. He struggles up a little way—then debt rolls him down again. The man in debt has no courage to get ahead. Debt dulls the edge of his "husbandry," his effort to save and thrive.

Men have always known of the power of the lender and the slavery of the borrower, yet the lesson has to be learned over and over.

"The rich ruleth over the poor," says the Book of Proverbs, "and the borrower is SERVANT to the lender."

How well that is understood by those that want to keep men down.

The pet scheme of mine owners, against which the unions had to fight, was TO KEEP THE MEN ALWAYS IN DEBT TO THE COMPANY'S STORE. As long as they were in debt they were helpless. They could not move away. They dared not complain, they had to take what was given them.

In the horrible dens of vice in great cities, where human beings are kept against their will, this same idea is applied. The police tell us that the unhappy victims are kept ALWAYS IN DEBT, so that they are powerless to free themselves.

"As ready as the cap of the borrower" is an old saying. It means as ready as the borrower is ready to pull off his cap humbly at sight of the lender.

Keep your cap on your head, your back straight, and free from debts. Think less about how you look TO others than how you are able to look AT others. Be able to hold your head up, look every man in the eye, and fear the disapproval of none.

OWN what you have on, and above all OWN YOUR OWN FUTURE. Don't mortgage THAT, for it is the principal hope of all of us.

KEEP OUT OF DEBT.

SCHOOL TEACHERS

The American school teachers are the great American thought manufacturers. Into their hands come the thousands of young minds that need direction and guidance, that by proper teaching are capable of unlimited development.

The world has not realized yet what is due to those who teach children.

Old Age On Its Knees Scrubbing

Do You Think That Any SURFACE Reforms Will Straighten Those Tired Old Backs and Give the Worker Relief?

At 4 o'clock in the morning the elevators move only rarely in the big office and Government buildings. A few late workers go about, preparing to end a long day.

At this hour the elevator stops and delivers to her work an old woman past sixty.

She wears a heavy black veil, a plain black dress. Her shoulders are bent and her face tired.

She removes her bonnet and her veil, puts a scrubbing skirt over her black dress.

Then gets her pail, soap and brush.

For many hours, while others are sleeping, and later, as the sun is rising, SHE IS ON HER KNEES SCRUBBING.

She goes home in time to get a late breakfast for some children she is taking care of.

She sleeps just as few hours as she can, then works through the day, without pay, waiting for the hour when she must work, through the most dismal, lonesome hours of the night, for the smallest wage that an old, defenseless woman can be made to accept.

While this old woman scrubs on her knees high up in the office building, an older woman sits on a little stool on the cold corner at the street below selling newspapers.

This old woman in the street is bent almost double. A thin shawl covers her back.

She stoops so much that when you buy a newspaper from her, or put your hand upon her shoulder and give her enough money to take her off the street, she must turn her head sideways to look up and see who it is.

If that old woman with the black veil, coming every morning to scrub, were AN OLD SOLDIER IN HIS UNIFORM—WHAT INDIGNATION WOULD BE AROUSED!

Everybody would say: "It is dreadful that an old soldier should be forced, at that age, to go down on his knees and scrub."

Well, is it not MORE dreadful that an old woman should be submitted to hardship and hard labor that would seem cruelty to a man?

Is not the black bonnet and the black veil of the scrub-woman just as truly the uniform of a brave soldier as any uniform in the world?

That woman has borne children. She has suffered for hours as the soldier suffers only for minutes.

She has worried over sickbeds, put children in their graves, worked for a family and for a husband; put the husband in his grave—giving her pitiful savings in the effort to express loyalty through the undertaker.

Does SHE not deserve respect, or pity, at the very least? Is it not worse to see her in the cold

winter morning going to her work at 3 o'clock, and scrubbing on her knees for hours, wretchedly paid, receiving for this painful labor barely enough money to keep the roof over her head?

And that old, bent woman on the street, with her hands wrinkled and yellow, is not her life a dreadful reflection upon the heartlessness of what we call civilization?

You may say that charity would take care of her. But she knows only too well that your charity is colder than the wind that blows around her street corner.

She would rather stand there, with an occasional kind word from some man or woman who treats her as a human being, than to live on your CHARITY, ticketed, labeled, like some piece of human furniture that can do nothing more except to oblige the community by dying.

It is easy to help either one of these two women, or both of them.

But what are you going to do FOR THE THOUSANDS OF OTHERS AS BADLY OFF OR WORSE OFF?

You cannot say to them: "You shall not earn your living in that way," unless you are prepared to give them a better living of another kind.

If you give them money today, that does not provide for the years that stretch ahead. AND THEY DO NOT DARE GIVE UP THE DAILY CERTAINTY, WITH ITS HARD LABOR.

These two old women present one of the real problems, ONE OF THE DEEP PROBLEMS.

The world has a great deal of work to do before it will be able to treat these women, and the millions of other human beings just as unfortunate, as they should be treated.

Our children must be better educated and better opportunities must be given to them.

The savings of the poor must be protected against the vampires that prey upon them.

The intelligence of men must solve THE RENT PROBLEM, as it has solved other problems.

The intelligence of mankind which enables the prosperous to cross the ocean in a floating palace at a cost that is almost nominal to the rich man must enable this old woman, with her bent back and hard life, at least to have a decent shelter, and decent food, without grinding out her last spark of vitality in the effort to get them.

The trouble with this world is that its laws are made BY THE POWERFUL for the SUPPOSED BENEFIT OF THE WEAK.

There are any number of us busy trying to make the well-to-do still better off—trying to give four dollars a day to the three-dollar man.

But in the councils where laws are made THE VOICES OF THESE TWO OLD WOMEN ARE NOT HEARD.

Their bent forms do not appear in Congress when the statesmen are trying to realize their ideals.

Even in the churches, they come humble, bent and unnoticed, as they come to their work in the darkness of the night.

Before these old women and the thousands of others that are unfortunate—whether old or

young—can be helped, there must be more real sympathy in the minds of men for those whom they do not see or talk to.

There must be a revival of that sympathy for the poor which is in all the teachings of Jesus Christ. THOSE TEACHINGS MUST BE TAKEN SERIOUSLY, and when they are taken seriously, when intelligence and power and wealth are behind the effort to realize them, these two poor old women and those that shall follow them—that are waiting eagerly, even now, to fill their places—will have decent lives, peace and the respect that should be theirs in old age.

LUCKY MAN

Lucky the man who is driven. He should be grateful to the whip of NECESSITY or any other force that drives him on. The DRIVEN man moves, goes forward, gets somewhere. Ninety-nine per cent of us work at our best ONLY when driven. Necessity is our best friend. Pity the rich man's son, to whom no effort is NECESSARY.

BLAME

The man who stops blaming conditions, blaming government, blaming others, his relatives, his employers, his friends, and who blames himself, is the man that will seize and use the next opportunity that comes.

As long as you pity yourself, others will have good reason for pitying you.

When a Girl Makes a Mistake

All the Fault Is Her Fault. All the Burden Her Burden. The World Moralizes Scornfully. There Is No Sympathy Anywhere, and the Most Cruel, Harsh Criticism and Contempt Come From Other Women. How Should Girls Be Taught? What Should They Be Taught?

"And they were both naked, the man and his wife, and were not ashamed."—GENESIS II:25.

"And the eyes of them both were opened, and they knew that they were naked; and they sewed fig leaves together, and made themselves aprons.

"And they heard the voice of the Lord God walking in the garden in the cool of the day: and Adam and his wife hid themselves from the presence of the Lord God amongst the trees of the garden."—GENESIS III:7-8.

Life, according to the Bible, began the same for men and women. They lived in innocence, not ashamed.

And when the Serpent, "more subtle than any beast of the field which the Lord had made," persuaded the woman, and through her, man, to eat the forbidden fruit, they were alike held responsible, made to suffer for the sin and driven out. They hid themselves together "from the presence of the Lord God amongst the trees of the garden."

That is how it was in the beginning, but man has invented for himself a better arrangement for such matters.

To-day, when the fault is committed, woman

WHEN A GIRL MAKES A MISTAKE
Woman Has Always Borne the Shame

(*See editorial*)

hides herself and is driven out. Man walks proudly, erect. No more hiding for HIM. He has arranged most conveniently to put all the blame upon the woman.

For many thousands of years men and women have gone along under this arrangement, so convenient for men, so bitterly hard and unjust for women.

To know how differently men and women have lived and borne their shares of responsibility, get from the library Lecky's "History of European Morals." It is a history of injustice and brutality.

And conditions have not changed. Woman is the victim of injustice to-day, and the so-called civilization that keeps her in ignorance and in innocence throughout her youth, throws her out into the gutter, like the body of a dead cat, if she falls a victim to the very ignorance and innocence that have been so sedulously cultivated.

Once only in the world's history has the world's greatest injustice been nobly and adequately rebuked.

A group of men, prepared to stone a woman, were gathered. Your mind easily sees her, cowering in terror, hopeless, in a crowd of men old and young holding stones in their hands ready first to kill her with blows from the stones, and then cover her body with more stones as a "warning to wicked women." Like thousands of others, this woman would have been stoned to death, the only victim of a crime committed by TWO, and in which she was not the more guilty.

But on this occasion the program was not carried out to the end. There stood a MAN with no

stone in His hand, and no hatred in His heart. The miserable, hunted woman looked one instant in His face, filled with Divine pity, and threw herself at His feet for protection from the men with their stones.

And this is the story and the conversation as you read it:

"They say unto him, Master, this woman was taken in adultery, in the very act.

"Now Moses in the law commanded us, that such should be stoned: but what sayest thou?

"This they said, tempting him, that they might have to accuse him. But Jesus stooped down, and with HIS finger wrote on the ground, as though he heard them not.

"So when they continued asking him, he lifted up himself and said unto them, He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her.

"And again he stooped down and wrote on the ground.

"And they which heard it, being convicted by their own conscience, went out one by one, beginning at the eldest, EVEN unto the last: and Jesus was left alone, and the woman standing in the midst.

"When Jesus had lifted up himself, and saw none but the woman, he said unto her, Woman where are those thine accusers? hath no man condemned thee?

"She said, No man, Lord. And Jesus said unto her, Neither do I condemn thee: go, and sin no more."—St. John VIII:4-11.

The men with their stones and their victim ready had planned to trap Christ, whose destruction they sought. They believed that He would denounce the brutality of the law and put Himself in their power. But He did not. He trapped them and shamed them, when, instead of denouncing the brutality that would have stoned the woman to death, He said: "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her."

Everybody knows that story. Every preacher

quotes it once a year. Everybody knows that man is responsible, far more than woman; responsible ALWAYS in the BEGINNING for the "crime" that destroys the woman forever, and harms the man not at all.

The world, however, preaches Christianity and does not practise it.

The woman with all her dreams of happiness gone forever, every path closed, all hope shut out, is still vainly seeking pity, to-day.

Against this injustice strong, free women protest when they seek the right to share in making laws.

Against this injustice miserable victims protest often by suicide. They write a few lines, swallow poison or jump into the river. Then somebody writes a very pretty poem, along this line:

One more unfortunate,
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death.

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care;
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young, and so fair!

Alas, for the rarity
Of Christian Charity
Under the sun! etc., etc.

Very nice, pretty and touching, man tells about it, very earnestly, but woman has to go through it.

Woman is guilty of sin and expiates it by jumping into the river.

Man, equally guilty, and more guilty in the beginning, writes the pretty poem. But does he jump into the river? No; he does not. He says, "It's

too bad," and so far as he is concerned the same thing happens over again.

There is not much use in preaching about injustice, especially when it has lasted thousands of years, and when women, even more than men, are earnest in upholding the injustice. The only thing worth while is to discuss what can be done to diminish the evil.

There has been a great deal of talk, some of it dangerous, about "enlightening our daughters." Some of the "enlightening" has been calculated to injure children by encouraging premature discussion of subjects with which their minds should not be occupied, and would not be, in a decent civilization.

The mother, and no one else, should frankly tell the daughter what life is, and especially WHAT MEN ARE. The girl should be told that she must be her own protector, that she must be suspicious, that she must not trust men, for they are not worthy of it.

These matters should not be discussed by mothers with their daughters or by fathers with their sons except in the most matter-of-fact, plain, everyday fashion, as though the thing discussed were an automobile or a washing machine.

Let boys or young men be taught by their fathers that there is one crime that cannot be forgiven and that deserves death, a wrong done to a girl. Let girls be taught that men will make every promise, and break every promise. It will make them appreciate a real man all the more, if they secure one, or think they have secured him.

There should be no mysterious whispering, no half-telling that arouses diseased, morbid curiosity in the young mind.

Perfectly blunt, matter-of-fact speech and statement of the truth is what is needed.

Unfortunately, nine parents out of ten have false ideas of what they would call "modesty." It is not modesty to allow a child to learn from some degraded source the truths that should have been explained clearly, simply and bluntly by the mother to the daughter, the father to the son.

The reading of good books, not vile trash, will help to enlighten the minds of the young. For almost every well written novel and history tells the truth that young people should know.

Sound, simple brief talks by the father and mother for the son and the daughter, a course of good reading, well chosen, plus plenty of physical exercise in youth, and free, normal friendship between girls and boys under proper supervision—these things will help to protect girls from the cruelty of men and help to protect boys and young men against themselves.

As for the injustice of man toward woman, and the brutality of woman toward her unfortunate sister, that will be eliminated only by centuries of education.

In that ancient day the men, old and young, were ready with their stones to kill the woman. But when their consciences spoke, the oldest man walked out first—for he was more guilty than the others—he had had more time for guilt.

There is a LITTLE progress. Men do not gather

any longer with sharp stones to kill a woman. But they allow her to live a life that is worse than death. And their wives do what they can to make that life more bitter still.

That is because the human race is still a race of savages, and that can't be helped.

When a wolf falls over a rock ledge, breaks his leg and limps, the other wolves eat him up.

When a woman falls in our civilization, the others eat her up morally with their ostracism. They will get over it in time. Talk plainly and coldly to your children. Let them learn from you—and learn respect for themselves, their bodies, nature's plan, and respect for their duty to the coming generation.

PARTNERS

The character of children depends upon the influence of the mother.

If your wife is not happy the children cannot be happy, because she cannot exercise a happy influence upon them.

You take trouble to please your partner, your best customer, your good clerk. YOU SHOULD TAKE A THOUSAND TIMES AS MUCH TROUBLE TO PLEASE YOUR WIFE, WHO IS YOUR REAL PARTNER, YOUR BEST FRIEND AND YOUR MOST IMPORTANT HELPER.

A good carrier pigeon goes rapidly for a short distance. Electricity goes around the world seven times in one second.

Editorial for Fathers and Mothers

Be Careful of Your Boys Suddenly Earning Large Weekly Incomes.

Ten, twelve, fifteen dollars or more are earned readily by boys that are still children.

Fathers and mothers should take care that this sudden earning of money does not harm the boys now and unfit them for serious effort, real work, in days to come.

TO THE MOTHERS:

If your boy is working, do you know just exactly how much he gets? Do you know WHAT HE DOES WITH THE MONEY?

Are you by any chance among those who foolishly say, "Willie worked for the money, let him spend it as he likes?"

Do you know that there is nothing more disastrous for a child, more dangerous to ambition, more demoralizing to youth, than to have the spending of a considerable sum of money, even as much as five or ten dollars a week?

And do not forget that from twelve to seventeen is the most dangerous period in a boy's life, that money to spend multiplies temptation and the possibilities of foolish conduct.

The boy well brought up, no matter how rich his

father, should be strictly limited in his spending money.

Fifty cents a week, or a dollar a week, or two dollars a week as the limit—if the father is wise.

And if the rich man who knows that his son will never want carefully controls his affection, regulates the child's spending, how much more should that spending be regulated by the mother and father who realize that in years to come the boy is to depend on the habits formed now in his childhood.

Do not imagine that you are acting the part of a good father or mother if you say, "Let Willie spend it, since he earns it."

Teach him to save it. Limit the amount that he can have. And know exactly what he does and what he does spend FOR HIS GOOD.

TO THE FATHERS:

You know what a bad thing it is for men to get in the "easy come, easy go" habit.

If the boy is to succeed in life as a man, he must realize early that success means hard work.

The average lad now replies to an advertisement saying "Help Wanted."

He asks first, "How much do you pay?"

When that question is answered he says, "What do I have to do to get that money?"

The employer often finds it impossible to exercise the supervision and discipline that the young worker needs, if he is to become a working man of any value.

The boy who leaves one place in these days can easily find another—and knows it.

It depends upon the father consequently to make his son realize what work means.

Tell your boys that while jobs are easy now, the days and years that he is using will never come back. He can get another job, but he cannot get another youth, another boyhood.

He will find that these days that seem the days of great opportunity, because a very young boy can make the wages of a man, are really days of great danger.

As you can spoil a young horse by improper training, so you can, irrevocably and beyond hope, spoil a boy. Tens of thousands unfortunately are being spoiled at this moment.

Don't let your boy getting high wages acquire spendthrift or vicious habits that will injure him for life.

Don't let your son, who finds a job so easily, make up his mind that discipline was not intended for the free American, or that success can be had without hard work.

OVERSTUDY

Your child may never be a Newton or a Napoleon. But he is your child. He is WHAT YOU MADE HIM, and nothing else.

Give him a chance—EVERY CHANCE. Give the child AFFECTION, ENCOURAGEMENT, and, above all, PROTECT HIS HEALTH EVEN AGAINST HIS OWN AMBITION TO STUDY.

If you have a delicate child, ambitious, and nervous, PROTECT IT FROM OVERSTUDY.

Nature Knows No Mercy

There Is No Thought or Discrimination In the Working of Eternal Laws that Govern All Things. Evenly, Ruthlessly, Eternally, Nature Works According to Fixed Laws for Good or for Ill, Thinking as Little of Us Creatures that Build and Die on this Earth As the Boy At Play Thinks of the Ant Hill Beneath His Foot. It Is for the Ant to Select a Safe, Secluded Place for Her Nest, or Suffer. It Is for Us to Study Nature's Eternal Laws, and Adjust Ourselves to Them, or Suffer. Nature Has No Time or Thought for Individual Cases. Fire Will Burn the Innocent Child and Spare the Hardened Criminal that Knows the Ways of Fire. It Is Well for Us that It Is So, for Our Real Education Is Acquired by Study of the Natural Laws that Will Not Study or Spare Us.

Unsentimental, regardless of justice or injustice, is powerful Nature in her work on this earth.

She crushes with disease and poverty the just man and his family, and spares the usurer.

The nations of the world were overwhelmed with the horror of war. A race thus afflicted might, according to the old ideas, have hoped to be spared further affliction. But men in murdering each other, had violated Nature's laws, and Nature sent from China to Spain, and from Spain all over the

NATURE KNOWS NO MERCY

Nature Has No Thought for Individual Cares

(*See editorial*)

world, what we call the Spanish influenza, a disease worse than war, that killed millions, where war had killed only half as many.

Men, as they fail to study Nature, must suffer, like the cow on the track that races ahead of the engine because the track offers the smoothest running surface. She is killed because she does not know the law that governs the running of engines, staying on the track and following the rails. The child of three would know enough to get off the track and watch the train go by. The ignorant cow probably dies thinking how hard it is that the locomotive should choose to follow the path that she chose in running away.

For thousands of years human beings have offered supplications to Nature, instead of studying Nature. When lightning flashed and struck, men made idols to represent the lightning, and offered sacrifices to the lightning. Later, men made lightning for themselves and used it to light their houses, and Franklin invented the lightning rod.

When earthquakes occurred men wrote special prayers to keep away earthquakes, and occasionally they selected more or less at random some wicked persons of a different religious belief—and sacrificed them, hoping to appease the earthquake's power.

Men watch the seismometer in civilized countries now, which is better than having Pagan priests offering sacrifice to idols.

Now when civilized men feel the earth shake they know that the crust of the earth is adjusting itself to the shifting and contracting of the earth's red hot interior, gradually cooling off, and in conse-

quence sinking down or heaving up the earth's hard crust upon which we live.

The earthquake represents a gradual earth movement that has lasted millions of years, not an angry outburst on the part of some temperamental god killing a lot of innocent people to punish a few guilty.

Up and down, the earth's crust has been rising. In one place on this earth you may find seven petrified forests, and seven layers of ocean deposit one above the other, showing that that particular spot has been under the ocean and above the ocean seven times in the earth's history. England has been underneath the ocean more than once, and heaved up again. Her white cliffs are made of chalk formed by tiny creatures living at the bottom of the sea.

Fortunately, these things do not happen suddenly. They come so slowly that human beings have time to move, migrate and adjust themselves to new locations, thus keeping the human race alive in spite of all the terrific earthquakes, volcanic eruptions, and even the Glacial Period sweeping whole continents with ice.

England, the island of to-day, was once a peninsula, connected by solid ground with the Continent of Europe, as Spain is connected. And the earliest men that we know about in England, men living there before the Irish, the Scotch, the Saxons or Danes, were Basques, relatives of Marshal Foch, that crossed from the European Continent to England on dry land.

Does it diminish faith in Divine justice to sug-

gest that Nature's laws work irrevocably, that lightning bolts are not especially aimed, or earthquakes and epidemics of disease especially planned?

It does not. If feeble man starting his United States Government had brains enough to establish a Constitution, a fundamental law that all must obey, it is not too much to assume that the Supreme Power governing this universe would establish and maintain a fundamental law, a constitution of the universe that all must obey.

It is perhaps as well for ignorant savages, and for the dense mass of ignorance that calls itself civilized, to believe that every calamity, every death of an innocent child, destruction of a city, or sudden ending of a useful life, is especially planned.

But for beings that think it is better to deal intelligently with Nature's laws. Man's life is made more dignified, by knowledge that he is here to own and control this planet, to study and obey laws that govern him. It would be humiliating to the human race to live on indefinitely waiting for earthquakes to shake and lightning to strike at the whim of some power, playing with miserable human beings, and not even obeying its own laws.

There is more glory in harnessing Niagara, producing artificial lightning to run factories and street cars, than in worshipping some imaginary spirit of Niagara Falls, as the Indians did, or falling down and begging the lightning not to strike you. What a difference between the ancient fakir saying, "If you will do as I say and pay me, I will protect you from the lightning and the Divine wrath," and the modern electrician Tesla saying, "Pay me, and I will show you how to construct a mechanism that

will lead the lightning's force from Niagara to distant points and let you use it as you choose."

Man would rather live co-operating with such men as Tesla, Edison and Marconi than live forever shivering before an imaginary vindictive power.

Laws throughout the universe work forever without change, without exception, and that is what makes life worth while.

In a world thus evenly governed, man finds his occupation in studying the laws of life and matter, and living in accordance with them.

The superstition of Henry the Fourth of France on a certain occasion illustrates well the ancient and modern ideas of cause and effect.

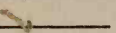
Death had taken the beautiful Gabrielle d'Estrees, of whom Henry had written, *"Charmante Gabrielle,"* a song that has lasted more than three hundred years.

The charming Gabrielle had turned France and the King upside down. The King was getting a divorce from his first wife to marry his young friend Gabrielle. All the plans were changed when Gabrielle suddenly died. The King was inconsolable. He actually wore black mourning for three months, although Kings in those days wore purple mourning. To console him Sully assured him that the death of Gabrielle was *"un coup du Ciel"* (a blow from Heaven).

"A blow from Heaven, and why?" asked Henry the Fourth. Sully explained that doubtless Heaven had killed Gabrielle d'Estrees by the series of painful spasms in which she died in order to prevent

Henry from disgracing the throne by making a lady of that kind Queen of France.

The King agreed that that probably was the correct explanation of his misfortune, and three weeks later, to show you how Kings change, he was in love with Mlle. d'Entragues, and told her so.



France as a whole accepted the theory that the death of poor little Gabrielle really was a blow from Heaven. The superstitious mass of the people went further and said that the blow had been administered directly by the devil himself, and that in killing Gabrielle he had distorted her face horribly, making it ugly, so that the King would not want to see her again, and had twisted her head around so that it looked backward.

The cold, unromantic fact is that it wasn't a blow from Heaven, and the devil did not come up from his abode to twist the neck and head of an unfortunate young woman.

Poor Gabrielle too fond of eating used to order the fattest geese that could be found for her table. When she went to visit Zamet, who collected taxes in France for de Medici, Duke of Florence, she ate a great deal too much. Immediately after dinner she felt badly and had violent cramps which brought on the premature birth of her child, and so she died.

No blow from Heaven, no sooty devil coming up to carry out orders. It was just over-eating and over-exercising at the wrong time, and Nature, remorseless, doing the rest.

The plans of those that wanted poor Gabrielle out of the way went through, by the way. With Sully's

assistance, they married Henry the Fourth, for his second marriage, to Marie de Medici, daughter of the great Florentine money lender and usurer. She is the big, blonde, powerful lady whose pictures you may see in Rubens's paintings. A poor exchange for *Charmante Gabrielle.* But she brought a lot of money with her.

As you look at the great foot of Nature ruthlessly crushing a city in an earthquake or a plague, the foot of a little boy ruthlessly crushing an ant hill, you realize how important it is for the human race to study and know the laws through which Nature works.

That study and knowledge have not really begun. The day will come when men will control the temperature of this earth, diverting the heat of the Equator to the Poles, regulating the rainfall and the snow, doing away with deserts and swamps. Real knowledge is a long way off, but there is at least a beginning.

We know how the lightning works and how to control it, although we do not know what it is. We know that the earth's crust is constantly moving, and that an earthquake comes when there is a violent movement, very small as compared with the whole earth, big compared with the little human beings and their houses living on the earthquake's spot.

We know also that while men now need to know Nature's laws, there was a day when it was just as well for them to be ignorant.

We do not try to explain to a baby in the nursery how electric light, running water or pasteurization of milk is managed. The baby looks on and obeys,

it cannot understand. So primitive human beings, full grown babies, had to look on in the beginning, not understanding. It was a good thing for them to invent idols, to which they could pray, and to imagine that there were devils, ghosts and evil spirits that might be placated.

Anything is better for the human mind than uncertainty. During the period when human beings could not possibly know how the laws of Nature worked, their imagination helped them with different superstitious inventions.

That period has gone by except for the very lowest, most superstitious intellectual class. It is time now for men to STUDY AND UNDERSTAND.

LONELINESS

Every man's real life is a life of loneliness. Strive as he may, the outside world is really made up of shadows. It is the effort to make these shadows real that brings us close together, and develops kindness.

A SPARK

In the deepest part of our nature dwells that mysterious, feeble, half conscious spark, which we call the human soul.

Outside of that spark, that atom of compound force, everything else is mere matter, clay that must go back into the ground whence it came.

A Horse and Habit Found Diamonds

This Is a Young Man's Editorial.

Alfred Beit was called "the Diamond King" while he lived, and an intelligent philanthropist when he died. You will be interested to learn how a white horse started Beit on the road to millions.

Beit was in South Africa and poor. He had a few hundred dollars and a determination to get more when he began investigating the diamond trade just starting.

He knew there were diamonds, that a business could be built up far beyond what the simple-minded Boers could dream.

He applied to a wise old Boer, who always had more uncut diamonds for sale than anybody else.

The old Boer shook his head, said he knew nothing about diamonds.

But observe in connection with your New Year resolutions that Mr. Beit, born a poor Jewish boy, had learned early in life that the word "NO" should never be taken seriously. He made up his mind that that particular old Boer was the door through which he was to enter the diamond business.

The young man watched the old Boer ride out early in the morning shortly after sunrise, mounted on the same old white horse each day. That was the information Beit wanted.

He bought that old horse, paying three times what it was worth on the ground that he had to have a horse in a hurry. The Boer thought he had made a good bargain. He was mistaken.

The day after he bought the horse Beit rode before daylight to the house of the Boer of whom the horse had been bought. He rode in the gate, turned around, and rode out of the gate, leaving the reins loose on the old horse's neck, TRUSTING WISELY TO HABIT.

It was a little early, but the horse supposed it was the usual trip. And he started off, stopping automatically on the left and on the right side of the road, taking the intelligent Mr. Beit to the hut of every black native of whom the old Boer had bought his diamonds.

Having learned from the white horse which were the natives that had the diamonds for sale, and having presented himself to those natives on a horse they knew and that inspired confidence, the rest was easy for Beit.

He also wanted to purchase the transparent pebbles so highly prized by white men, and worthless to black men. And he was willing to pay a good deal more for those pebbles than anybody that had ever gone over that diamond route.

The black natives liked Beit's generous prices. He bought their pebbles, became the diamond king and the gold king—his wealth ran high up into the millions.

That's enough of a story to make your small boy concentrate his mind on the value of "good habits."

It paid Beit to get the horse that had the right

habit—just as it pays employers to get workers with the right habits.

Good habits are formed most easily when you are very young. But a man can force himself at any time of life into the right habit if he will.

To get the day's most important work done early, every day, is one of the best of all habits—and failures without number are based on neglect of that habit.

The difficulty with most human beings is that their habits are not of their own choosing, but forced upon them by some one else.

"I am very regular," says the young man. He is regular, because if he doesn't reach the office at nine, and stay there until five or six, he loses the job.

Ask him what habit he has formed about using for his own improvement and advancement the time that is his own, and you will get no definite answer.

There are thousands of young men whose strongest mental effort every day is the effort necessary to get out of bed, and whose next strongest mental effort is the effort to go to bed early enough to get sufficient sleep for the next day's work.

Beit, before he started on the road to millions, had formed the necessary habits. He watched, studied, observed closely. And when a man said "No" to him that meant nothing. Close observation is perhaps one-half of success. And careful listening is the other half. The good salesman observes, listens, knows when his sale is made, and stops. The poor salesman does not observe, does not listen, and talks himself out of his sale seven times out of ten.

Observation makes the scientist. And reading—which is listening with the eyes—makes the learned man.

HABIT MAKES THE MAN WHOSE WORK IS DONE EASILY. And human beings are so much alike that victory usually goes to the one who does the work without effort. It is the constant extra effort demanded of the will because habit is lacking that tires and prevents success.

Among your good resolutions, consider carefully the forming of good habits. They are as important to human beings as a steering wheel to an automobile.

Alfred Beit gave a million dollars to a South African university; he gave six million dollars to endow the Cape to Cairo railway and telegraph scheme—saying intelligently that to improve communication among human beings was to help civilization.

He gave a million dollars to another university—scattered millions in endless useful ways. And he was able to do all this because as a small boy he had formed the habit of observation, and particularly the habit of refusing to be discouraged by a "No."

Every man knows the habits that he needs. Pick out your own and try to cultivate them.

THINKING COUNTS

It isn't so much what you know as what you TRY TO KNOW. It isn't the absolute accuracy of your views on how the whale lost its legs or the bird got its wings as the amount of THINKING you do.

Study the REAL World

It Is the World Beyond This Earth—the Great World of the Flying Suns, the Endless Star-Filled Space, the True Field of Travel for the Mind of Man.

And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever.—DANIEL xii:3.

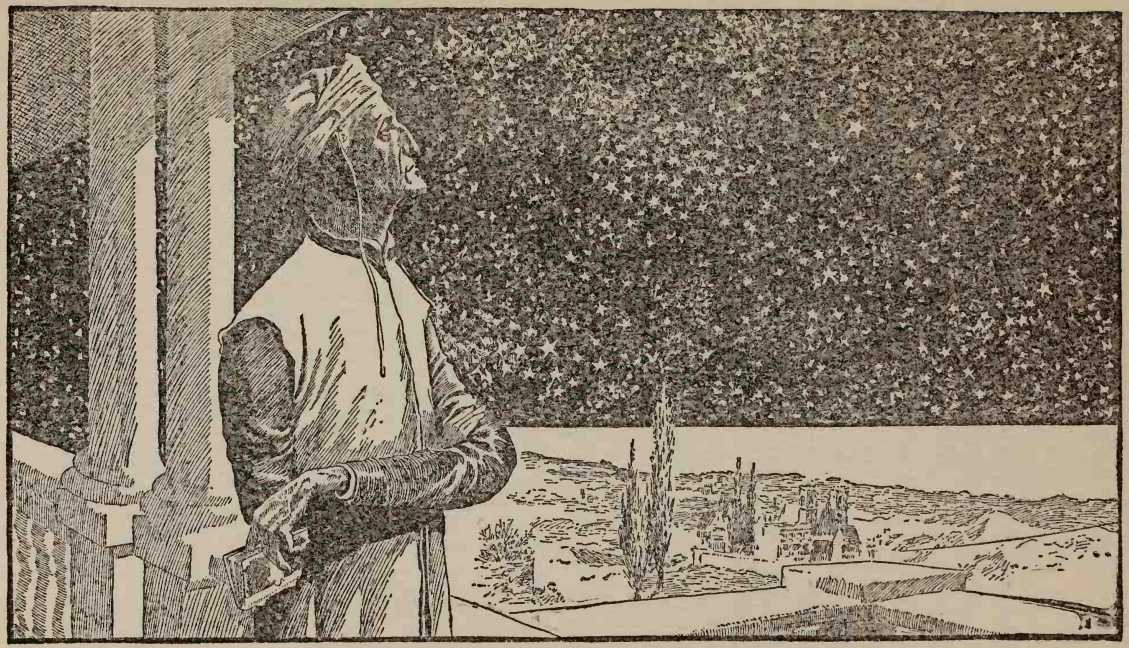
What, in our lives, is really worth while?

We come here for a moment, and we go. We struggle to keep ourselves alive. The questions that agitate us, are petty matters. How shall we be fed, when shall we cease oppressing one another, how can the rich man be forced to obey the law, or how can the law help to destroy poverty?

These are questions that men ask, as they open their eyes here for a moment—and close them again, leaving the questions unanswered.

We have struggled with these questions for thousands of years, and shall struggle with them for other centuries. And when at last we shall have solved them, new questions, material and small, will call for attention.

The minds of men MUST give their best energies to putting this world and its human society in order. We are the guardians of the little planet that we live on—and our first work is to settle our



STUDY THE REAL WORLD

Dante, Inspired by Study of the Stars

(*See editorial*)

human housekeeping here. We MUST keep at the little problems upon which our little happiness depends.

But we can at the same time study the permanent, eternal universe in which our earth is a perishable speck. We can find comfort in our disappointments and inspiration in our work through contemplation of the illimitable creation that proves, in harmony, beauty and grandeur, that Justice and goodness rule infinite space.

As the prisoner from his cell looks out eagerly at the life of the great world through his barred window, so human beings, prisoners here until their work is done, should look out, through the window of the night, at the wonders of infinite creation, at those "wandering stars, to whom is reserved the blackness of darkness forever."

The curse of life in the modern city is that it shuts men out from knowledge and sight of worlds, suns and systems around us.

A rat or insect that lives contented in the cellar fills you with contempt. But the man who lives contented on this little earth, without ever looking out in wonder and speculation at the regions beyond, is like that rat or insect and worse—for he shuts out from his mind the one field of thought that might make it grow.

The beauty and power of the Old Testament come from contemplation of the stars. That splendid poetry was written by shepherds, inspired by their nights of watching on quiet hillsides, long hours passed in contemplation of God's infinite power.

And the study of the stars will inspire YOU, lend

power to your imagination, and perhaps usefulness to your life among your fellows.

Our own finite studies, while necessary, are pitifully barren, almost hopeless. Two of the greatest scientific names are those of Kelvin and Haeckel. Kelvin assures you that science proves the existence of God. Haeckel affirms that science proves that God does NOT exist.

Look out at night across the ocean of ether, study with a little understanding the lights that move in that far-off region, and you will not heed Haeckel's denial, or need Kelvin's "proof" of that Wonderful Ruling Power, of the Eternal Justice and Goodness that guide those "wandering stars" in the blackness of darkness.

Man can neither UNDERSTAND nor KNOW anything. He does not understand himself. He knows nothing of his origin or destiny, save by faith.

Scientists tell him that the universe may be condensed into two words, "matter" and "energy."

When he studies matter, he gets the molecule, then the atom, and he finally resolves the atom into "electrons." The scientist tells him that his electron is "an atom of energy."

Matter escapes his analysis in the form of energy when he tries to grasp it finally; and energy baffles his intelligence when he seeks to understand it. His science teaches him to question even his own identity and his own existence.

Our efforts at final understanding simply prove our own mental feebleness.

But out there in the night there is a study for man that will not disappoint him, or mock him with his own littleness.

Out there is the true world. There are our friends of the universe—other suns, other worlds, other races of men travelling and working with us, sharing with us the wonderful mystery of existence and the blessed gift of justice.

Let the "greatest" of the world's so-called great men try to answer the questions that confounded poor, suffering Job four thousand years ago. Let him stand beside you as you look at the North Star, our little temporary landmark in space—what answer will he give to these questions of the universe:

"Who hath laid the measures thereof, if thou knowest? Or who hath stretched the line upon it?

"Wherewpon are the foundations thereof fastened? Or who laid the cornerstone thereof;

"When the morning stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy?"

How fearful and how beautiful is the study of space!

There is a vastness that has no limit, that CAN have no limit. Forever and forever, and forever space and time stretch around us. Worlds, suns, systems, dying and being born, fill all of that space that has no end. AND THE SAME POWER, the same LAW, rules throughout.

The speck that you can hardly see is a sun so vast that upon its surface this earth would fall as a snowflake falling and dissolving upon the surface of the ocean.

The "dust" in the milky way is a dust made up of untold millions of suns, each with its planets cir-

cling round it—and that great light is but the light from the celestial lamps in OUR little corner of space. It is but as the faint glow of a city's lights against the sky—there are other cities and still others, millions and billions of them, off in space, and billions of suns are the inhabitants of each of those cosmic cities.

Look out from the world on which you live to the infinite universe of which you are a part, and then you may realize how great a future is that of man—when he shall be ripe for it.

How wonderful it is that our minds can grasp even faintly the vast system to which we belong! How wonderful is the privilege of looking out upon the great cosmic machine that IS all that exists!

We are little things of dust, fashioned for a moment, with eyes that see—yet somewhere within us is the spark that lets us share in the universal life, and study, however feebly, the ultimate purpose of creation.

With those magic words, "the stars," Dante concludes each of the three parts of his work of genius. And through study of those stars religion has come into the world. Through study of the stars we come in contact with the Power that rules the universe, and we feel the beautiful truth that the same Power works throughout creation—a truth so wonderfully expressed in two verses of the Psalms:

"He healeth the broken hearted, and bindeth up their wounds.
"He calleth the number of the stars; he calleth them all by their names."

We shall learn in time how much food for our minds must be found outside of this planet. In old

age, when the real mind is at its best, nature calls for little sleep—that our hours for studying the real world of the stars may be longer.

And in the winter, when man's days of working in the soil are over, the nights are made mercifully long, that our best hours may be hours of darkness, spent in study of other worlds.

Among the stars man finds inspiration for good living, humbleness, and a deep desire to be worthy of the just government of the universe.

If sorrow has made you bitter, if you question the goodness of infinite power, if you desire the intense pleasure that can be found only in abstract speculation, make friends of those "old stars" to which King Lear turned, his soul filled with sorrow. Among them you shall find proof of that infinite Wisdom, Justice and Kindness.

"Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man;
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things."

HONOR TEACHERS

Inculcate in your children respect for teachers.

Among teachers many might have made success and fortune for themselves. They are content to be the teachers of the world, the world's most useful workers, but workers poorly paid, whose labor is never recognized at its full value, and whose glory is in the future achievements of the human race, a glory that comes when the teachers are dead.

How To Make Men Think

A Most Important Question, for THOUGHT Is the Important Work.

Gruesome is the punishment that men inflict upon men. We are here but for a day. Between the cradle and the grave, boundaries of mystery at either end of life, we have a few years that might be filled with freedom and good thinking—yet thousands, prisoners of destiny on this earth, are locked up in stone prisons made by men—a cage within a cage.

It is as though miners trapped in the mine should dig prison cells out of the walls of coal and lock each other in.

Of all the soul-killing sounds in the miserable life of failure most dreary is that of the iron, heavy door shutting an unhappy human being in his cell for the first time.

The jailer's face tells that it is an old story with him, no longer meaning anything. He is eager only to turn the key and be away to his liberty.

What bitter thinking has been done by unhappy men at this first closing of the iron door, with freedom on the far side.

What bitter self-reproach, what thousands of thoughts about the life that might have been so dif-

ferent, what self-hatred—as loneliness and despair settle down.

"If only I had thought," the convict says to himself a thousand times, sitting on his hard pallet, waiting for the numbness of despair to settle into the blessed death of sleep.

"If only I had thought," the thousands have said, punished for crimes of commission.

But comparatively few, they are not to be pitied as are the tens of millions drifting without real thinking into old age and blank failure, the great army of human beings that commit no crime but the crime of OMISSION.

HOW CAN WE MAKE OURSELVES THINK?

Can anything stir up efficient thought in the brain that is drifting toward failure and dreary old age? There is bitter thought enough when old age comes, and failure's prisoner looks out at others going on to success.

Is there ANY way to make the brain active before it is too late?

What is it that suddenly changes the human brain into a powerful, active, conquering, constructive or destructive force?

You see such a man as John Brown, of Harpers Ferry, at first the most commonplace kind of failure. He fails in this, he fails in that, in grain, in cotton, in horses.

Then an idea, a thought, is born in his brain—BLACK MEN SHOULD BE FREE.

Thought has begun, determination is born with

it, and he is a failure no longer. They catch him and hang him, but the thought that leaves his brain while his body twitches at the end of a rope passes to millions of other brains, and black men ARE set free.

Timur at twenty is studying the Koran, under his father's direction, not destined for war, because he is lame.

The idea comes to him that this is a big world, conquerors can do wonders in it, he might as well be one. You see him in his first invasion at the head of a thousand fighting horsemen. You see him then beaten and a wanderer—but not defeated, for thought goes on.

Presently history begins telling of Timur, now known as the great Tamerlane.

It tells how he conquered Asia and loaded captured elephants with captured gold and precious stones—ninety of the monsters carrying rare stones to build him a mosque to celebrate his glory. They show you in the library of Lincoln Cathedral a ghastly fragment taken from the wall of Ala-Shehr, the town around which Timur built a high wall made of the corpses of his prisoners.

He is past sixty when he invades India, past seventy when, "embalmed with musk and rose water, wrapped in linen, laid in an ebony coffin," he is buried at Samarkand in the mosque for which the elephants carried the stones.

It was sudden-born thought and nothing else that changed the quiet student into the world giant that other students have studied and tried to describe. "Tall and bearded, broad chested and broad shoul-

dered, able to bear old Atlas's burden"; fierce of countenance, striking terror into all beholders, it was not the physical force of this conqueror, this lame man, but his THOUGHT that gave conquest to him.

An Italian sailor, unknown, thinks about a short road to India. That THOUGHT is Columbus, and its result is this American civilization.

Gautama, the Indian prince, is in his palace living the life planned for luxury, self-indulgence to end only with death. As he looks upon his women, his banquets, his palace walls and jeweled clothes, he asks himself WHY he leads this life.

He THINKS, goes forth, makes thought and self-denial his life work, offers his body to the starving tigress that has no milk for her cubs.

That thought in the palace of pleasure is the foundation of the Buddhist religion, in which hundreds of millions have lived and died. Strangely, this religion, BORN OF THOUGHT, teaches that happiness is found in Nirvana, where all thoughts end.

Mohammed riding his camel across the desert, seeking gold for his rich, middle-aged wife, retires into a cave, TO THINK.

Of that thought was born the Koran, the Mohammedan religion that rules now more human beings than are ruled by Christianity.

Look where you will, everything represents thought. The battleship is Fulton's thought, built into steel.

The dynamite blowing human bodies into frag-

ments is the thought of Nobel, the Scandinavian inventor.

The war horror is the crystallized thought of the individual, believing that Tamerlane can be transplanted successfully from the fourteenth to the twentieth century.

The power that will end war is THOUGHT—the thought that men were meant for freedom, that the age of sword conquest has passed, the thought especially that death for five millions or ten millions and all conceivable sacrifices are better than sacrifice of the human thought that stands for liberty.

CAN WE MAKE OURSELVES THINK BEFORE THE COLD, HEAVY DOOR OF OLD AGE SHUTS UPON US, AS THE IRON DOOR SHUTS UPON THE PRISONER?

Yes; we can.

Read, THINK on what you read. Consider yourself, a two-legged creature with free will, standing erect on this whirling globe, looking at the stars and questioning the universe. And despise yourself if you let your brain lie idle.

KNOWLEDGE that feeds thought is there in the books on the library shelves.

THOUGHT that conquers difficulty is in your front brain if you will use it.

The WILL power that drives the front brain onward is in your back brain.

You have the machinery.

You can think if you will. And as you think the prison door of dullness, monotony, and failure will open.

Every great name in history, in literature, in

science, in art, is but the name of some man's THOUGHT.

Educate yourself, know the truth, and the truth will make you free.

Earth's greatest curses are ignorance and the superstition bred of ignorance.

ATLAS IS WOMAN

The real Atlas is not man, but WOMAN, carrying the earth on her shoulders. Man makes the pictures, writes the stories, fixes everything his own way. He shows his proud self carrying the load.

But woman is the real burden bearer; she always has carried the burden, the heaviest and the most thankless.

There is light ahead, in modern thought and decency, fortunately.

THE LAND

In A WORLD OF OPPORTUNITY, millions are cheated of opportunity. The greatest asset of the world, the new born child, is wasted, made worthless by crowding in cities, and dwarfing of human brains, while the beautiful and limitless country lies vacant.

An early step in civilization took men from the country, where they were at the mercy of brigands and wild beasts, to cities where they protected each other. The next step will take them away from the cities, where they live on cobblestones and asphalt in dark streets, back to the country and the green fields, with brigands and wild beasts gone.

Take An Inventory Of Yourself

Look at This Picture for a Few Minutes. Then "Take an Inventory of Yourself." All of These Animals Will Be Found in Nearly Every Human Inventory.

Study yourself, your own character; ask yourself how many animals play a part in your mental make-up and which of them plays the most important part and does the most harm.

The editorial was suggested by the casual remark of a young human dynamo residing in Chicago.

This young man, who has achieved great success, was asked how he explained the failure of another young man. The reply was, "He never had the nerve to take an inventory of himself, and he found he was out of the race without any warning."

There is a good, energetic, American sentence, "He never had the nerve to take an inventory of himself." You will not find that kind of a sentence in the most refined writers of essays. But you will find it a useful sentence if you can apply it to yourself, if you can really sit down for an hour and actually take an inventory OF YOUR OWN PERSONALITY, YOUR OWN CHARACTER, YOUR OWN MENTAL AND PHYSICAL STRENGTH AND WEAKNESS, YOUR OWN

GOOD AND BAD PECULIARITIES, YOUR OWN TEMPERAMENT.

You know that in modern business methods, every business properly managed takes an inventory at least once a year.

The greatest concerns in the world lay everything else aside at stated intervals and set heads of departments, expert bookkeepers, the best brains in the force at the great task of "getting out an inventory."

When that work is done, and not before, the man at the head of the business knows where he stands and where his business stands. He knows what has been sold, what remains unsold, what has deteriorated. He knows what his business is worth, how the period just ended compares with other periods. HE HAS TAKEN AN INVENTORY OF HIS BUSINESS, HE HAS THE BUSINESS IN HIS GRASP, AND HE STARTS FROM THAT INVENTORY WITH FRESH POWER AND FRESH KNOWLEDGE.

Why not do with your own self what the big business man does with his business?

YOUR IMPORTANT BUSINESS IS YOU. Your real life is YOU. Your future success or failure is tied up in YOU. If the head of a business needs to know just what he has on hand, just what resources he has, just where his stock has gone off in quality, just how his business is running, then all the more YOU NEED TO KNOW THOSE VERY SAME THINGS ABOUT YOURSELF.

You are a business, a money-making and success-achieving concern on a bigger or a smaller scale.

TAKE AN INVENTORY OF YOURSELF
How Many of These Animals Are Within You? (*See editorial*)

You may develop into big success as other businesses have done, when properly attended, or you may drift and dwindle down in a lackadaisical way, as a majority of all businesses do.

Close down for an hour to-day, take an inventory of your own personality. Find out what you have done and left undone in the last six months, how much you have improved, if at all, how much deteriorated.

You know that man stands at the head of animal life on this planet. He comforts himself with the belief—occasionally justified among very good men —that he has a soul far above the animals. Probably he has; let us hope so.

But there is not the slightest doubt whatever that he has in him many qualities that belong to the animals. If a real mental analysis were possible we dare say that in the brain of a complex man you would find something taken from the mental make-up of every animal that ever appeared on this earth, from the smallest live germ to the largest dinosaur.

Evolutionists tell you that our animal characteristics, mental and physical, were picked up during millions of years past when we used to live here in various animal forms. You are told that you get the construction of your hand from the five-toed salamander that crawled among the fern trees in the carboniferous era millions and millions of years ago. You are told that you get parts of your skeleton from the higher order of the anthropoid apes, and that your ears are put where your gills used to be in the days when you were a fish.

Believe all that or not, as you will, you cannot doubt that men contain in varying combinations the

fox's cunning, the peacock's vanity, the pig's greed, the tiger's ferocity, the horse's ambition, the dog's fidelity, the snake's cold cruelty.

You know yourself how your mind changes, how to-day you feel a generous impulse and to-morrow an impulse that you would not willingly recognize as your own day after to-morrow. Whether the theory of evolution be true or not, there is no doubt that the man who does not deceive himself feels, working in his mind and his various impulses, hatreds, shortcomings, self-indulgences and weaknesses, conflicting emotions that might represent a whole menagerie of animals, big and little.

TAKE AN INVENTORY OF YOURSELF. Do it harshly, mercilessly, critically. The worst friend is the friend who flatters you, and many a man is HIS OWN worst friend.

Take the inventory of yourself as strictly and truthfully as if you were counting up papers of pins, lead pencils or the rolls of ribbon in a store.

If you have a frank, truthful friend ask him or her to tell you honestly which animals are too prominent in your make-up, which figure too conspicuously in the inventory.

What about the chameleon, changing color, adapting himself to every shade of opinion? Is your mind of the chameleon type, no real color of its own?

What about the pig, whose face is simply the front door of a stomach? He does not go far in any race.

The fox, unfortunately, in our days of semi-

civilization is not a bad gentleman to have mixed up in your blood and brain.

Many a man fails who might have succeeded had he had a little more of the fox. Let us not forget, however, that many a man meets failure because he has too much of the fox in him.

Look over all of the animals. The opossum, whose only weapon is to "make-believe."

The snake, representing slander and a vile tongue.

The monkey, tricky, foolish, infirm of purpose, imitative.

The sloth, lazy and looking at the world upside down.

The dog, faithful, kind, true—and very often kicked for his pains.

The tiger, cruel and cowardly.

And the peacock, blissfully happy if somebody will admire his handsome feathers.

Each of us knows himself better than the world can possibly know him. Each of us deceives himself more or less the greater part of the time, and forgets the harmful truths. But we can know ourselves if we will.

Take a really truthful inventory of yourself once in a while.

You know perfectly well WHAT MAKES SUCCESS.

You do not need to read about "How To Be Successful." The way to be successful IS TO BE SUCCESSFUL, TO WORK, TO DO THE VERY THING THAT YOU KNOW THAT YOU OUGHT TO DO.

Take that inventory, take a pencil and a piece of paper and write it out. Stick it in your pocket and keep it. Make up your mind to go systematically about your work during the balance of this year.

Wipe some things out of the inventory and add to others.

The young Chicago human dynamo said that one brilliant man failed "because he did not have the nerve to take an inventory of himself."

Perhaps by taking an inventory, harsh and truthful, you may succeed.

TRY IT.

WHISKEY—GRAVE DIGGER

The world's biggest graveyard is his. He is the lord of Potter's Field, and writes the epitaphs that end with DESPAIR.

Deep and wide he has been digging his graves. "But time at length makes all things even," and Whiskey's grave will be dug at last.

BE GRATEFUL

We are all ruled from within, and from without by the Wisdom that controls this universe. And the whip that is laid upon us, the cutting lash of NECESSITY, is one of the good, blessed forces that move us—and we should be grateful for it.

"The Paradise of the Rich Is Made of the Hell of the Poor"

—VICTOR HUGO

Not Entirely—Not As Much As It Used to Be.

"Your duty requires you to make a public statement concerning the works of Victor Hugo," says a reader, and adds that modern life fears the truths that Hugo told. He wants to know why we don't write an editorial on Victor Hugo's phrase, "The paradise of the rich is made out of the hell of the poor."

By "the paradise of the rich" Victor Hugo meant the comfort, luxuries, freedom from care, known to the rich and unknown to the poor.

It is well to remember the wrongs inflicted upon the poor.

It is well also to think as accurately as possible, and to remember that comfort and happiness are based upon HUMAN INTELLIGENCE, far more than upon helpless poverty. For instance:

In India you might see a rajah sleeping, and a miserable slave awake all night moving the "punkah," or fan, to keep the air moving.

There the misery of all night labor inflicted on a poor man gives pleasant sleep to a rich man.

But in the American Pullman car, in July, the commercial traveler sleeps by night and eats by day —and an electric fan, representing human intelligence, keeps the air moving, and nobody suffers.

Intelligence using electricity, hitching it to a fan, takes the place of the poor slave toiling all night.

When the Queen of Sheba went to see Solomon, a camel probably carried her jolting on his back. And slaves ran beside her keeping off the flies, tiring themselves out.

Later, in fashionable Paris, the rich man going to his dinner was carried in a Sedan chair, with poorly paid human beings, running and carrying the weight of his body.

There, the comfort of the rich was based upon the discomfort of the poor.

But today the prosperous gentleman rolls along in a large limousine car, on the air which fills rubber tires.

A chauffeur, paid a hundred dollars or more per month, well clothed and well fed, turns a little wheel.

Human intelligence makes a machine weighing five thousand pounds ride on air, makes the explosion of a small quantity of gas in a cylinder move the carriage, allows wealth to continue enjoying itself, and frees poverty from suffering.

Incidentally the little car that costs a trifle per day, gives to the small man his share of the luxury of the rich—including a self-cranking device to keep him from breaking his arm.

In tropical countries, slaves brought down snow and ice from the mountain tops to cool the drinks of their masters.

Now, a cheap little refrigerating device, run by a small engine, supplies ice and ice cold water—and even the poorest workman drinks it.

In ancient days the "paradise of the rich" was often attacked and abruptly ended by disease—as when all the courtiers and friends, including the most intimate lady friend of poor Louis the Fifteenth, ran away from him when he lay dying of smallpox. Or, as when the Black Death struck Europe, and killed half of the people, taking rich and poor alike.

Human intelligence, understanding the fight against disease, has improved that condition for rich and poor alike.

Fortunately, the number of those that enjoy luxury or comparative luxury is constantly increasing. And the extent to which the happiness of a few is based on the torment of many is diminishing every day.

Queen Elizabeth had a thousand dresses, but no bath tub.

The workingman's wife hasn't a thousand dresses, but she can have at a low rental her flat with a porcelain tub—the tub worth more than the dresses.

The public parks open to all are finer than the private park of any man. Knowledge which once was in the possession of a few, carefully kept from the poor, is now open to all.

The great thought of all great men, and all the truths of science are free to rich and poor alike in the public libraries.

The pity is that rich and poor show comparatively little interest as yet in this new supply of wealth that costs nothing.

It is a good thing to stimulate all human beings to earnest thought, just protest and wise dissatisfaction.

But it is not wise to tell any man, rich or poor, that his troubles are all based on the crimes or heartlessness of somebody else, that he is a virtuous being without faults, and would be absolutely happy, if somebody would kindly get off his back.

The world needs improvement. The rich are selfishly stupid—and so are the poor.

The man that solves a great problem now, demands several useless millions—the African savage that kills the threatening lion demands several useless wives. It is wise to give the millions to the American savage that he may do his best, and wise to give the large collection of wives to the African savage that he may do his best.

After awhile men will produce their best work without demanding the right to have more than they can use, or the privilege of ruining their children by leaving them that which they will spend foolishly.

To study the works of Victor Hugo should be part of any intelligent man's education.

Read his "Notre Dame de Paris" for a wonderful description of old, picturesque life in France.

Read, of course, if you haven't read, "Les Miserables." Read as a gruesome study of social conditions, his "L'homme qui rit"—The Man That Laughs.

And for an early and most interesting view of Hugo's genius at its beginning, read his "Hans of Iceland," written when he was only a boy.

The famous speech of the barricade represents Hugo's greatness. His sympathy for the suffering poor is perhaps best expressed in his poem that begins:

Dans vos fetes d'hiver, riches heureux du monde,
Quand le bal tournoyant de ses feux vous inonde,
* * *
Pensez vous qu 'il est la, dans le givre et la neige
Le pere sans travail que la famine asslege.

Hugo was a genius, but he was not by any means worthy our reader's description as "the greatest and most far-seeing of all men."

He would be better described as a powerful, earnest, courageous man, the best type of the French "bourgeois."

He enjoyed excitement and defied authority in youth, enjoyed adulation, and appreciated himself hugely in old age.

As regards literary genius, you could no more compare him with Villon of ancient France, or Moliere of the great French period, than you could compare the Queen of Sheba's camel with a modern flying machine.

One of Hugo's weaknesses and limitations appeared in such phrases as "the paradise of the rich is made out of the hell of the poor."

If he had been wiser he would have said, "Intelligence rules, in its lower forms it is cruel, in its higher forms it is generous. Earth will eventually be made a paradise for the human race which will know neither rich nor poor, thanks to intelligence and its accomplishments."

It is not rendering any service to the poor to tell them that they are without fault and that all the trouble is with those that happen to have more money because they are less virtuous.

Prosperity is often based upon dishonesty, on cunning or trickery.

It is also very often based on superior intelligence.

Poverty is based some times on virtue, or unselfishness, self-sacrifice.

It is also, unfortunately, based sometimes on ignorance, indifference, lack of energy and dissipation.

HEREDITY

Give your child a fair chance, BEFORE birth, by wise marriage and such devotion to the mother as will earn her respect.

Having given the child as good heredity as you can, add to that wholesome environment, wise, not forced education, intelligent affection and direction, and you will have done your best to add one well developed atom to a humanity destined one day to be civilized.

FISHING AND JUSTICE

In fishing you throw the fish back if he is too small. It's the other way around in our courts of justice sometimes. You throw the fish back and set him free, if he is too big.

The Power of Silence

"Set a Watch, O Lord, Before My Mouth; Keep the Door of My Lips."—Psalms, 141:3.

We talk too much, think too little.

Back of speech if it is to be of value, THOUGHT must stand.

We are a talking nation. With each nationality absorbed, the American people seem to have added that nationality's gift of talk.

We are a nation of speechmakers.

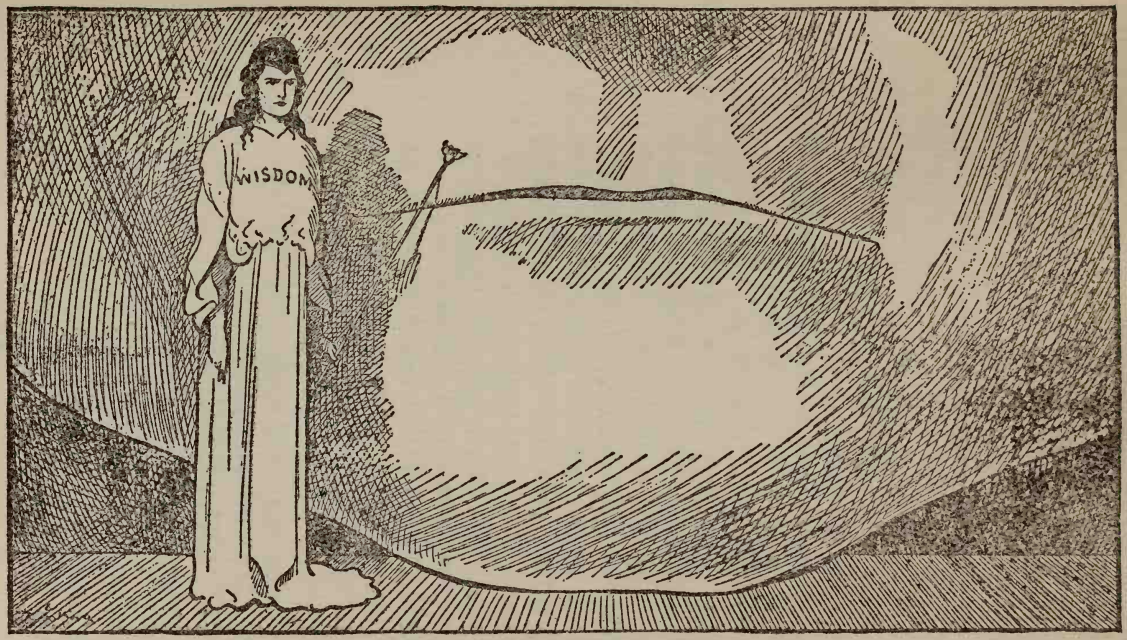
Our political campaigns are campaigns of talk. Talk is our eternal occupation, on the cars, at home, in clubs—everywhere. And if we stop talking, by chance, we rush off to meetings or theatres to hear others talk.

Our climate, competition, freedom from established precedents, have made us a restless, nervous, self-tiring people.

Our men are old, bald, gray and TALKING HARD—when they should be still young and in their prime.

Human beings seem to look upon themselves as inhabitants of some great parrot house—if the noise stops, there must be something the matter with the birds.

It is not necessary to say that speech is man's most valuable physical accomplishment. Through



THE POWER OF SILENCE

"Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips" Psalms, 141:3 (*See editorial*)

speech and writing we hand knowledge from generation to generation.

But with us Americans talk needs no defence.

It is the gift of silence that our people lack.

We are like babies that cry if left to themselves. Their little brains CANNOT work, and solitude frightens them.

The nation of perpetual talkers is a race of grown-up babies, fond of noise, little accustomed to steady thinking.

How hard it is to THINK CONSECUTIVELY EVEN FOR THREE MINUTES.

Pick out your subject of thought now—for instance, make up your mind to think on the problem of INFINITE SPACE, time and matter. Try to formulate IN YOUR OWN THOUGHT some conception of the vastness of the universe.

TRY TO THINK STEADILY FOR THREE MINUTES ABOUT ANY ONE THING.

There is not one man in a thousand capable of keeping his thought steadily upon one subject even for a few minutes at a time.

The success of the country boy is based largely on the fact that he IS FORCED TO KEEP HIMSELF COMPANY, and thought—if he have any brain at all—is forced upon him.

Newton, ALONE AND THINKING in the moonlight, saw the apple fall. And in his mind there started THE THOUGHT that has immortalized his name and conferred great benefit upon the human race and glory upon the intellect of man.

Had he been at that time in a crowd, chattering and gossiping, he might have picked up the apple to eat it—talking between bites. But he could not

have done the concentrated thinking which made him ask WHY THE MOON DID NOT FALL AS THAT APPLE HAD FALLEN.

Read a few lines by Carlyle—himself a great SILENT thinker. The quotation is from the third chapter of the third book of "Sartor Resartus," the chapter on "Symbols."

"Silence and secrecy! Altars might still be raised to them (were this an altar-building time) for universal worship.

"Silence is the element in which great things fashion themselves together; that at length they may emerge, full-formed and majestic, into the daylight of Life, which they are thenceforth to rule.

"Not William the Silent only, but all the considerable men I have known, and the most undiplomatic and unstrategic of these, forbore to babble of what they were creating and projecting.

"Nay, in thy own mean perplexities, do thou thyself but HOLD THY TONGUE FOR ONE DAY: on the morrow, how much clearer are thy purposes and duties; what wreck and rubbish have those mute workmen within thee swept away, when intrusive noises were shut out!

"Speech is too often not, as the Frenchman defined it, the art of concealing Thought; but of quite suspending Thought, so that there is none to conceal.

"Speech, too, is great, but not the greatest. As the Swiss inscription says: Sprechen ist silbern, Schweigen ist golden (Speech is silvern, Silence is golden); or, as I might rather express it: Speech is of Time, Silence is of Eternity.

"Bees will not work except in darkness; Thought will not work except in silence."

There are two kinds of silence, PASSIVE and ACTIVE silence.

The type of passive, indolent silence is the village idiot, nodding in the sun at the poorhouse door.

And the type of ACTIVE silence may be seen in one of those studies of Napoleon digging up silently, OUT OF HIS OWN DEEP MIND, the solution of his world problems.

The silence that is mere cessation of noise is as useless as the noise itself.

The silence that makes growth is that of concentrated thought, or at least of an open, receptive, searching mind, contemplating the phenomena of the material and spiritual world in search of truth.

There was a wise man that took care of dogs. All those that were ill he cured in one way.

He put the sick dog in a barrel with a supply of water for twenty-four hours—and the dog was all right. Foolish, careless eating had made him sick. Water, solitude and rest made him well again.

Our tired, sick minds need the cure of solitude. We are surfeited with talk, chatter, noise, aimless gossip. Many of us could cure our minds as the wise man cured his dogs.

In any of our big business houses you can tell almost at once who the USEFUL man is, who the COMING man is. Nine times out of ten, he is THE SILENT MAN.

Even in libraries we must put up signs, "No LOUD talking." And in factories and in prisons a disagreeable punishment is that same order, "No talking."

If you wanted to win a race you would PRACTISE running.

If you intended to fight a duel you would PRACTISE fencing or firing a pistol.

The task that makes every one of us succeed is that of THINKING, and few of us know enough to PRACTISE THOUGHT.

The mind can be developed to an unlimited degree, BY WORK.

Our muscles can be brought up to a certain pro-

ficiency only. And at a relatively early age there is physical retrogression.

But development of the mind goes on as long as health lasts. And the man who trains his mind—who thinks, while others chatter—is steadily adding to his chances of success.

Which do you respect more, the man grave, talking when he has something to say, courteous but reserved, occupied with thought, or the chatterer from whom escape is difficult?

There are actually many that have achieved moderate success by a mere PRETENCE of solemn silence—how much real success must there be in genuine development of the mind and its powers through silent thought.

Talk without meaning is a habit hard to overcome. It is as difficult a vice to fight as the vice of lying and bragging.

But the talking habit CAN be overcome gradually. Think ahead a little, and as the flow of words is about to start, ask yourself if it is worth while, and stop it.

Listen to others, listen to your own thought. Work things over and over in your own mind. When you need advice or encouragement, seek some friend with whom you can discuss matters seriously and briefly.

Put up on the wall of your bedroom or office that quotation from Carlyle, and below it paste this one:

"Silence, the great Empire of Silence, higher than the stars, deeper than the Kingdom of Death! . . . Silence and the great silent men! . . . Scattered here and there, each in his department; silently thinking, silently working; whom no morning newspaper makes mention of! They are the salt of the earth. A COUNTRY THAT HAS NONE OF THESE IS IN A BAD WAY. Like a forest which has no *roots;* which had all turned to leaves and boughs; which must soon wither and be no forest."

The nation that has no silent, thinking man is in a bad way.

And the INDIVIDUAL that has no silent, thinking DAYS and HOURS is in a bad way, also.

The chatterbox is indeed like a tree without roots.

A favorite text of that hero and martyr to his own free thought, Giordano Bruno, was the seventh verse of the fifty-fifth Psalm, "Lo, then would I wander far off, and remain in the wilderness."

Solitude—the possibility of tranquil thought—according to this pious man, enabled human beings to enjoy a foretaste of the heavenly life.

"Tanti uomine che in terra hanne voluto gustare vita celeste, dissero con una voce, 'Ecce elongavi fugiens et mansi in solitudine.' "

Get any one of your Italian friends to translate those few words in Italian preceding the Latin text, and it will at once occur to him that the great Dante is history's best proof of the value of solitude and silence.

Happy, talking, busy, honored in his native city, Dante might have done nothing worth while.

But turned adrift by an ungrateful people, forced into solitude, with no companions but his THOUGHTS, he wrote his "Divine Comedy," that has outlasted centuries.

Talk less, think more.

Try to be alone sometimes. Take the development of your own mind more seriously than the chatter of the idle—then you may grow to be something better than a parrot that CAN be taught to talk, but CANNOT be made to think.

Life Is a Half Circle

Slowly We Rise Up From the Cradle, and Slowly Sink Down Into the Grave. What Is It All For? We Do Not Know. Let Us Try to Improve On the Journey, Anyhow.

The baby is born, lies flat on its back, unconscious of what is going on around it, people look at it, expressing admiration and affection.

Seventy years go by; that baby, now an old man, again lies unconscious of what is going on around him—dead. The people look down with expressions of regret and affection.

"A checkerboard of nights and days" life has been called. Thousands of millions of human beings have gone through the little half circle of life from birth to death. Each comes into the world wondering, and leaves it, wondering.

Each human being questions himself, wonders what he is here for, and says to some other human being, or to some far-off star blinking down through the night:

"What is it all about? What ought I do? What CAN I do? Why am I here? How much of it all is real and how much fancy? Is this life a reality, or is the real thing that other half of the circle which lies beyond the grave and before the cradle?"

All that any of us knows is the thought in his own mind, the impressions that his senses bring to him. Outside of that, we have nothing but the comforting assurances of faith—that intellectual, labor-saving device that has done so much for the happiness of mankind.

We cannot know why we came here, whence we came, or what becomes of that little particle of energy we call our soul.

Animals are so much like us that they shake our complacent belief in human superiority.

If we are to endure forever, why shall there not be perpetual life for the dog that wags his tail beside us, for the flea that bites the dog, for the invisible living parasite that attacks the flea?

Where does importance begin, where does it end? What right have we to elect ourselves heirs of eternal life and shut out any one of the creatures that are murdered and eaten, to prolong our lives here?

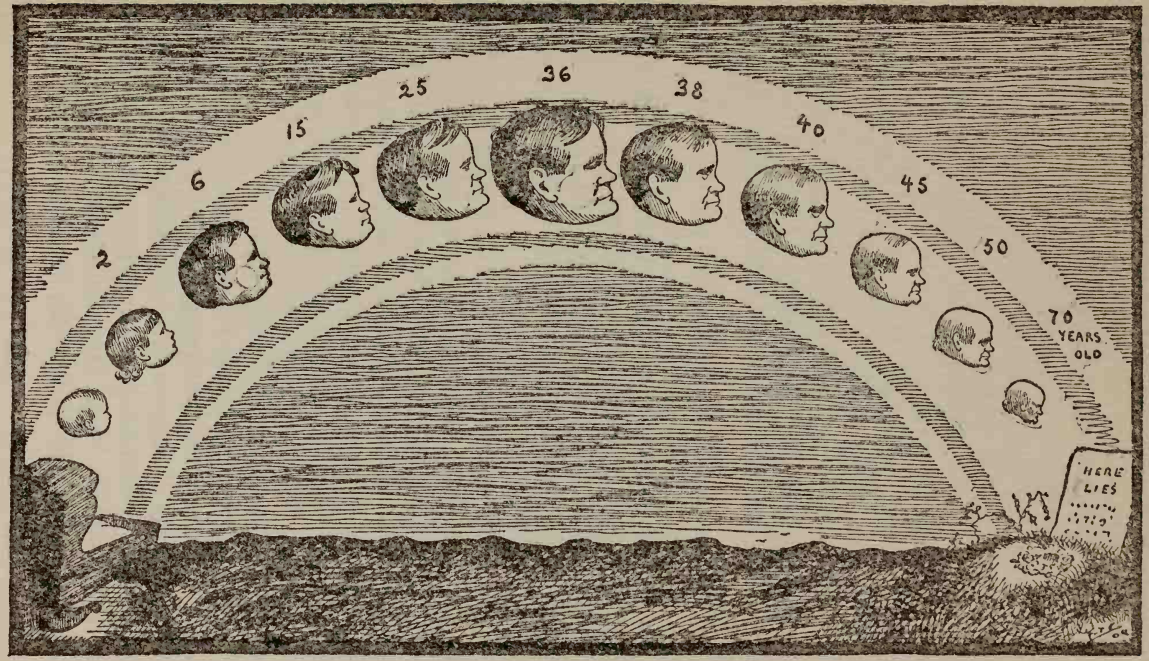
Where that baby was before he came into the cradle and what happens to the old man after he gets into the grave we must learn later, outside of this life, if ever.

There is just one thing that we can do while we are here.

We can try to develop and make more useful the life we carry with us, from the moment when we get it, bald and pink at birth, to the hour when, white and wrinkled, it ends its labors.

Wisdom and kindness unlimited control the world upon which we live, and the universe in which that world is a speck.

We are put here to do some work, however hum-



LIFE IS A HALF CIRCLE
Where Are You In This Half Circle?

(*See editorial*)

ble, as representatives of the power that rules all space.

Our work is a work of brain, a work of organizing and harmonizing, of cultivation.

That human head and the brain working in it make us different from the animals, more useful than they, able to direct them, control them, multiply or destroy them.

There is just one thing that a man can do which he knows is worth while.

He can develop his own mind, using the strength that he acquires for the benefit of the millions of others that are traveling the semi-circular journey with him.

We realize how few of us human beings develop our possibilities or achieve anything.

What is the average routine of life in that half circle, rising from feeble babyhood to manhood, and sinking down to feeble old age?

There is the baby with abnormal forehead, filling the parents with hope, and thus securing care. Then comes the child, a little less interesting than the baby. Then the noisy boy; the self-indulgent young man; the mature individual, well satisfied with a very second-rate performance; the old man ossifying intellectually and physically, as he sinks down into the earth that made him.

How few of us feed our minds—how many of us devote our energies to feeding our bodies!

Every street car shows you its collection of stomachs overfed. Where do you find brains that have been fed as have those big stomachs?

The human mind is capable of development and

improvement absolutely unlimited. Millions of cells make up the brain, and every day can be made to increase the possibilities of that extraordinary thinking machine.

There is nothing more impressive than to study the face of a really great man at the different periods of his life. The face of Huxley or Gladstone at different ages reveals the most beautiful unfolding of intellectual power, of majestic benevolence and purity of purpose.

The average man is ugly at forty; dull and half dead at seventy.

The man of real greatness develops actual beauty in his old age. After a life of useful effort he is a delight and an inspiration to all that look upon him.

It is never too late to begin thinking, never too late to begin reading, never too late to question yourself sternly and make up your mind that you will do, at least, the best that YOU as an individual can do.

If you do your best, you have done all that any man ever did in the world. The soldier who stands at his post and dies because he sticks grimly to his duty is just as good as the man far away that has planned the whole successful campaign.

Some great power outside of this earth regulates that earth and the human beings upon it.

We are caretakers of the globe, and at the same time the responsible guardians of our own race and civilization.

The duty of man is to cultivate and embellish

this earth, this little speck of the divine property which is confined to his care.

His other duty is to develop himself. He is the representative on earth of the executive power of the universe. His mind is an atom of the cosmic thought that rules everything.

He should use that mind to make of human life a really civilized, benevolent and dignified condition, worthy of the wisdom that planned it and stands back of it.

Where do you stand in the circle of life? The man of seventy—not the man of thirty-six—should be at the top of the circle. His real power—his mental power—should be greater at seventy than at any other age. And at seventy he should have fifty years of good life before him.

It is our false society, that burns men up quickly before they have had time to do anything, that gives us the young man, half developed, at the top of the curve, and the man of seventy dropping into the grave.

Wherever you are in life's half circle, do the best that you can, develop what is left of the short journey.

Speculate, form what opinions you choose.

But to all the speculating and guessing add THE BEST REAL WORK THAT IS IN YOU, which means the development of your own mind, and the helping, on a big or a little scale, of other human beings.

Truth—The Great Power

All That Is Worth While Rests Upon It.

"Seek Ye Me and Ye Shall Live."—Amos 5-4.

Truth is forever the same, but for men imperfect it changes from day to day.

Until the other day all men said: "The earth stands still. The sun moves. We know, for we see and feel that the earth is still, and we see the sun rolling through the sky above our heads.

Men were like children in the train, believing that the trees are moving past the window. Then one showed that it was the earth that turned round and made the sun seem to move. That was a step toward truth.

Once all believed that slavery and inequality were just. It always had been and would be so. Some must slave and some enjoy.

Human equality was mentioned, men fought for it. That was a step toward truth. The next step will be to make equality real by making knowledge universal.

We have now the millions owning and enjoying too little, the few owning too much. All are technically free, and that is thought to be just and all laws defend it. That condition will change and the change will be another step toward truth.

"On three things stands the world," said Simon the Just; "on law, on worship, and on charity."

You might add a thousand things, but better cut it down to ONE. The world stands on TRUTH.

The greater the truth, the more difficult for the small mind to accept it. A moth, dazzled, is drawn to its death by a candle light. Man uses that candle for reading. But man cannot look at the greater light of the sun.

The little truths we use. The big truths dazzle and frighten us. Twice two make four, the child is taught, and the angles of any triangle are equal to any two right angles.

The bad are punished and the good rewarded, here for a certainty, elsewhere perhaps.

These truths we accept and handle easily—little truths for little minds, and greater truths as the mind of man grows.

Even simple truths frighten us—for instance the simple fact that time never began and cannot possibly end, or that there is no limit to space. For after the end of time, TIME must go on as it must have gone on forever before its "beginning," if it had an official beginning.

Space, the field in which suns and planets like ours roll, cannot have any end or boundary. For you ask "What is BEYOND that boundary—solid wall or nothingness?" The solid wall is impossible, for how far would that reach? And nothingness does not exist.

Time must last forever, and space cannot possibly have an end—but such simple truth frightens us and we turn back to the hands on the clock that

tick off our limited lives and to our little earth fields with their fences and taxes and thank God for limitation—the limitless is the sun's light; we cannot stand it.

What is truth? It is the reflection of knowledge, and knowledge is the measure of civilization.

The world is built on Truth, and Truth is the fruit of study—the school is the foundation of all. Teaching is the great force.

Well the old Talmudic writers knew it. Read these extracts from the writings that treasure up centuries of thought:

"A scholar is greater than a prophet."

"You should revere the teacher even more than your father. The latter only brought you into this world. The former indicates the way into the next."

"Jerusalem was destroyed because the instruction of the young was neglected."

"The world is saved only by the breath of the school children."

"Even for the rebuilding of the temple the schools must not be neglected."

"Study is more meritorious than sacrifice."

Let those that wonder at the persistent success of the Jewish race in spite of persecution ask themselves how much the reverence for knowledge has had to do with it.

All intellectual effort is an attempt to simplify truth—which is of but one kind and has only ONE nature.

Moses, according to the old Jewish teachers, embodied his idea of truth in six hundred and thirteen injunctions.

David boiled them all down into eleven, in the fifteenth Psalm, thus:

"Lord, who shall abide in thy tabernacle? who shall dwell in thy holy hill?

"He that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth in his heart.

"He that backbiteth not with his tongue, nor doeth evil to his neighbour, nor taketh up a reproach against his neighbour.

"In whose eyes a vile person is contemned but he honoreth them that fear the Lord. He that sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not.

"He that putteth not out his money to usury, nor taketh reward against the innocent. He that doeth these things shall never be moved."

What is that psalm but a song in honor of truth?

Isaiah reduced the divine requirements to six in the fifteenth verse of the thirty-third chapter:

"He that walketh righteously, and speaketh uprightly; he that despiseth the gain of oppression, that shaketh his hands from holding of bribes, that stoppeth his ears from hearing of blood, and shutteth his eyes from seeing evil."

Micah cut the order down to three:

"What doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?"

Isaiah begins his fifty-sixth chapter cutting down the order to two:

"Keep ye judgment and do justice."

And Amos gives ONE order in three words:

"SEEK YE ME and ye shall live."

Seek ME—THE TRUTH.

"The wicked are like the troubled sea, when it cannot rest, whose waters cast up mire and dirt."

Truth to the mind is like solid rock to the feet.

You can meet any man if you have told him the truth. "Here I stand," said Luther at Worms when his life was as good as sold, "God help me, I can no other." And that was his power. He told and lived what he believed to be the truth. He lives still.

Into the magnificent church of St. Peter in Rome Michael Angelo built for all time the truths of perfect beauty. And within it are his masterpieces. Of all the glories of St. Peter's none is finer than the few words written at the top inside the great dome, beginning "Thou art Peter." The most powerful Christian church teaches that it is built upon Peter, the Rock—of truth.

We say on tombstones and monuments that such a man DIED on such a day. And usually it is true.

But there are tombs upon which should be written, "Here lies one that did NOT die. He told the truth and he lives forever." Lucky he that earns such an epitaph. Eternally blessed are the great truth tellers.

There are many ways of telling the truth.

Newton's formula—ruling all matter in all space—was one way. "Directly as the mass and inversely as the square of the distance." Those twelve words carry more important truth than any twelve hundred scientific volumes written before his time.

That is the scientific telling of truth.

There is another truth told in the beautiful parables in which Christ taught, or in the moralizing of Confucius, or the lofty moral code of Zoroaster.

And there is the truth taught and impressed by surprise.

A learned rabbi was teaching subtleties on a drowsy Oriental afternoon, and his hearers slept. How should he make them wake and listen to truth? He shouted:

"There was once a woman in Egypt who brought forth six hundred thousand men at one birth."

Everybody woke up and sat up, for the rabbi told only truth and this truth was interesting—six hundred thousand at a birth pleased even Orientals surfeited with wonders in their literature.

With his crowd awake the rabbi explained that the woman was Jochebed, mother of Moses. That one son amounted to more, all by himself, than all the six hundred thousand armed men that went up out of Egypt.

Therefore, when Jochebed gave birth to Moses it was as useful and important as having six hundred thousand sons at once.

Then he went on with his dreary expounding of the truth of sacred Talmudic law.

Many have been the Jochebeds, mothers of truth, of many men in one.

The mother of Lincoln, of Galileo, of Voltaire, of Fulton, all the great mothers of great souls, including the most holy of all mothers, have been mothers of multitudes because they were the mothers of TRUTH, given to the world through their sons.

"What is Truth?" asked jesting Pilate, and would not wait for an answer.

Truth is ALL.

All else passes, changes, disappears. Truth, never.

It is the only strength, the only property, the only foundation, the only beauty.

Time, ignorance, hatred, all the waves and storms beat against it.

They pass and Truth survives.

PROVE EVERYTHING

Don't take ANYTHING for granted, so long as you do not know it yourself. PROVE EVERYTHING for yourself.

Don't repeat the thoughts of OTHERS. Think for YOURSELF.

Be independent, be yourself, BE A MAN.

Young men, think less of your clothes and cigarettes, your gossip, your little amusements, AND MORE OF YOUR BRAIN, which is the only good thing you have.

THE FRENCH THINK

In France there is done by the average citizen at least a thousand times as much earnest thinking on national politics as is done in this country.

It would be good for the United States if we could have injected into our political methods a little of that intense interest in public affairs that characterizes the French nation.

Don't Pity Yourself Too Much

Don't Exaggerate Your Own Importance, Your Own Size or Your Own Miseries. You Are an Ant in a Human Anthill. Be a Working Ant—Not a Ridiculous Insect Pitying Yourself.

The Summer is coming—the warm weather, long days, dusty roads, lazy impulses, selfish thinking about ourselves.

The cat on the window ledge or the bird singing in the tree makes us feel sorry for ourselves.

The hot weather is heavy upon us. Our little power of will, feeble at best, sinks low as the mercury climbs higher.

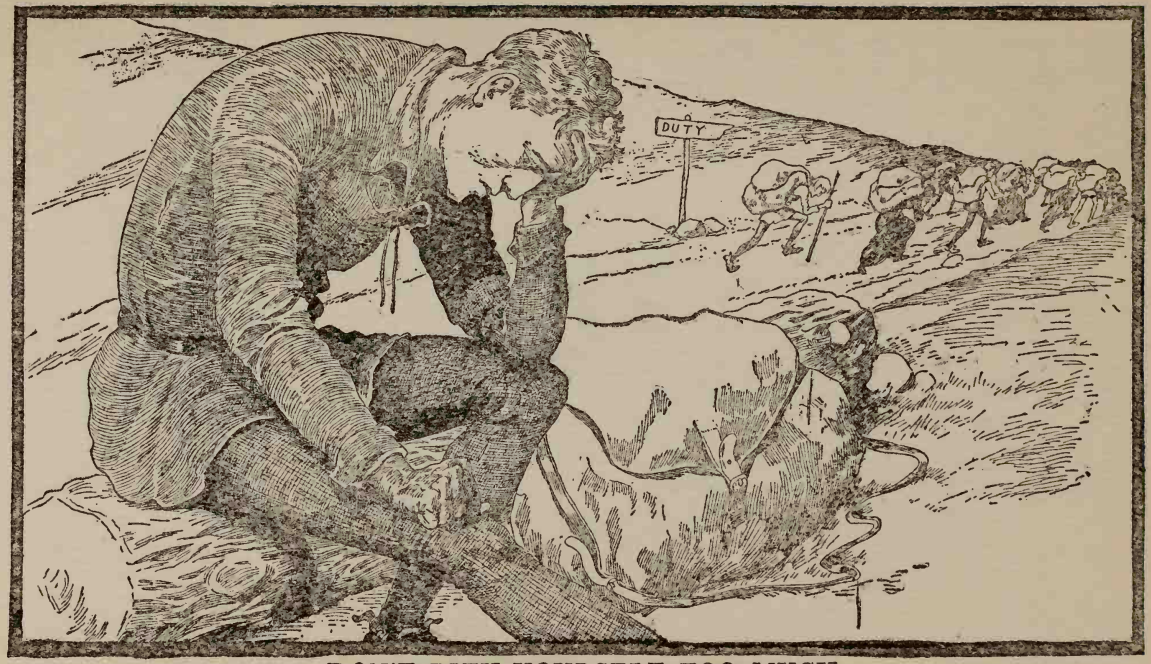
At this time of year, and later as the sun grows hotter, many sink by the roadside—GIVE UP ALL EFFORT.

Our burden seems heavy and we drop it.

We forget that it will be all the heavier and harder to carry when we pick it up again. The load that is put down grows in weight every minute. Keep it off the ground, keep carrying it—and you can make it light.

This is a talk to suggest that every one of us should think a little less about his own troubles and difficulties, and a little more about what he ought to do.

Your only real property is THE CAPACITY TO MAKE MENTAL EFFORTS.



DON'T PITY YOURSELF TOO MUCH

Self Pity Will Never Get You Anywhere

(*See editorial*)

Is it not foolish to use up your brain power in PITYING YOURSELF? You know the people that grumble and growl.

They tire themselves more, take more out of themselves than the men that really work and forget their troubles in trying to do something.

Instead of wasting your force pitying yourself, try to think how lucky you are. Every newspaper tells you of a dozen creatures compared with whom you are ineffably happy.

DON'T WASTE YOUR POWER in grumbling. Don't waste time and effort pitying yourself.

Pity others, feel sorry for them. It is more wholesome morally, and it does not paralyze your will and drag you down.

Be a real man—or woman, or boy, or girl.

BE GAME.

Say to yourself: "Nothing can harm me as long as I do not give in. Life is no eternal picnic for me. But others are worse off, and, anyhow, I'll take pride in meeting things as they are and overcoming them. I did not make the world. I did not make myself. I'll take both as I find them, and do as well as I can with the material at hand. I'll not sit down and growl or pity myself like a bear with a sore head, anyhow."

The world is full of hopeless failures that could have been successes had they devoted to real WORK one-half the energy DEVOTED TO COMPLAINING.

Now for one practical suggestion.

The Summer is coming, the days when nearly all men sag down in their efforts.

That is the time for you to work hard.

THAT IS THE TIME FOR YOU TO PASS OTHERS IN THE RACE.

You know how the men in a bicycle race watch for a chance to "steal a lap."

You can steal any number of laps in the race of life BY DOING YOUR BEST IN SUMMER WHEN OTHERS ARE LAZY.

Don't put all your mind on your new coat, your new hat, your vacation, or some idea of amusement.

Get all the fresh air you can. Keep out of doors all you can.

But remember that every race is won AT THE END OF THE RACE, not at the beginning.

On New Year's Day millions of us started off with fine resolutions. Millions of us are beginning to slow up.

DON'T SLOW UP. Run faster because you know that others are going slowly.

Make up your mind that by the first of next October you will have something better to show than tanned cheeks or a sunburned nose.

The lazy man's REST is the good man's OPPORTUNITY.

This is the season when the "quitters" and failures reveal themselves.

Don't be among them.

Take this advice: Make the Summer a Summer of WORK—you will be glad next Fall—and in a few Summers you will have EARNED rest—which is better than stealing it from your life's success.

The Bugbear of Little Minds

It Is Hard Enough to Do ANYTHING Worth While —With Life So Short and the Brain So Feeble. To Do Anything Is Impossible if You Have the Eternal Question, "What Will People Say?" Hanging Over You. Pick Out Your Task. Follow It. Make Up Your Mind What It Is You Are TRYING to Do, Whither You Are Trying to Go, Do It—GO THERE.

This is an editorial of the big bugbear of the little mind, "WHAT WILL PEOPLE SAY?" Nine-tenths of human beings are harnessed up and driven by it as long as they live.

Parents teach their children and the children teach their children to have forever in their minds, "What will people say?"

There are millions of men harassed, living in worry, ending poor and leaving their families dependent because all their life, instead of saving, they have been spending in obedience to the question, "What will people say?"

"What will people say if my wife is not as well dressed as somebody else's wife?"

"What will people say if, like a sensible man, I send my children to the public school, THE ONLY GOOD SCHOOL, instead of spending money that I cannot afford sending them to some private school?"

The science of right living embodied in the

word "ethics," is, first, NOT TO INJURE OTHERS OR MAKE THEM UNHAPPY, and, second, to develop to the highest point of usefulness, and to add as much as possible to the happiness of others.

Herbert Spencer defines the word "ethics," well in half a dozen lines:

"I conceive it to be the business of Moral Science to deduce, from the laws of life and the conditions of existence, what kinds of action necessarily tend to produce happiness, and what kinds to produce unhappiness. Having done this, its deductions are to be recognized as laws of conduct."

Your duty as an ethical being is not to offend others, not to shock their sense of propriety by going half clothed, not to offend their faith by criticizing their religion; in short, not to intrude upon the physical or moral personality of another.

But it is not part of ethical conduct, for instance, to throw away your felt hat and hastily buy a straw hat on a certain fixed day in the spring. Hundreds of thousands of young men would be deeply grieved and ask deep down in their hearts, "What will people say?" if they happened to get their straw hat one week too late, or happened to wear it one week beyond the fashionable time.

Men have lived in flocks like sheep for thousands of years. They had to do it for protection and for instruction.

Like sheep we have lived, and like sheep we have traveled, most of us humbly following the leader, all acting alike and nearly all thinking alike.

Rulers of men have found it convenient to lay down rules and make the others follow them. We say now, "What will people say?" We used to ask, "What will the king or the chief say?"

If our rulers can have us all with the same ideas and beliefs it is easy to manage us.

You know what the Tartars did with the mild Chinese when they conquered them?

They made them wear their hair in a long queue. That made it easy for the Tartar galloping along on his pony to grab the poor Chinese by his pigtail, pulling him along the ground, or cut off his head with the right hand while holding the pigtail with the left hand.

Chinese women, those kept for the amusement of the ruling class as wives or otherwise, were compelled as little girls to squeeze their feet into tight shoes. These shoes were never taken off, the feet could not grow—and the women couldn't RUN AWAY.

Probably in the beginning the Chinese man hated his pigtail and the Chinese girl resented the aching feet, the dreadful suffering.

But before long the Chinese gentleman was so proud of his queue that he would give up his life rather than have you cut it off. The Chinese woman of rank looked upon her deformed feet as something extremely beautiful. She was proud of them.

We need not despise the Chinaman prizing his queue. For party government in the United States, by which so many of us are ruled, is a very similar proposition.

This boss, head of a party, says: "You are a Democrat. Be a Democrat all your life. Then it will be easy for me to use you on Election Day.

I have simply got to tell you who the Democratic candidate is and you vote for him."

The Republican boss says the same thing. Between them they have two groups of citizens, one proudly calling themselves Democrats—that name a political pigtail for the boss to take hold of; the other class calling themselves Republicans—another pigtail for bosses to use.

We have been taught to ask ourselves, "What will people say?" and asking ourselves that question, we as a class have carefully refrained from saying anything.

Children are invariably interesting, because THEY THINK FOR THEMSELVES. Their brain has not yet been fitted to thoughts ready made. They have not learned the everlasting, stupid question, "What will people say?"

People grown up and grown DULL watch the play of a child, listening to its talk, fascinated, for they are in presence of a mind working for itself and thinking for itself.

It has been said truly that every child is a genius, and every genius a child. The child is a genius, for it has the power to think in a new and fresh way. And the genius is a child, in the eyes of dull people, because he has kept the wonderful childish power to think, uninfluenced by the thoughts of others.

Study the history of Napoleon, and learn what it is to be able to do your own thinking and not ask, "What will people say?"

When he began his career, leading against the

Austrians the French enthusiasts of the revolution, he kept in mind one fact—namely, THAT THE AUSTRIAN GENERALS ALWAYS FOUGHT IN THE SAME WAY, ACCORDING TO RULE. He did just exactly the other thing, knew what they would do in advance and beat them with the greatest ease.

When he was preparing to cross the Alps in Winter he did not ask himself, "What will people say if I try to take an army through the passes and the snow?" His reply to those who praised him for that exploit covered the whole ground, "I deserve no credit except for not believing the fools who said it couldn't be done." And similarly, when he was praised for the genius and the courage that enabled him to come back from Elba, attack King Louis in France and the whole of Europe with a handful of men, he said to Sismondi, who repeated the saying to Hobhouse:

"Je n'ai aucun merite que d'avoir bien devine la situation de la France." ("I have no other merit than that of having guessed the situation in France.")

If he had understood the spirit, the limitations of the individual, he might have stayed securely on his return from Elba until his death, leaving his son to succeed him, and, perhaps, putting off for a long time the stupid Napoleon III. and the republic which blesses France. But luckily nothing was enough for his genius, therefore France is a republic.

"Think slowly and act promptly," said Napoleon. Above all, THINK.

Do your own thinking, make up your own mind.

Life is an ocean, you are a ship, and the will power, your ability to think for yourself, is THE COMPASS OF THE SHIP.

Decide on the port that you want to reach, then go straight at it, never mind what "The people will say" or what they will think.

Nearly ninety-nine per cent of all human beings are commonplace and live and die without having done anything particular except ask themselves, "What will people say?"

CHARACTER BUILDING.

As a man can save money any day, piling one dollar upon another, so with a higher ambition he can create character, adding one determined act, one day of good living to another.

There is no real happiness except in peace of mind.

THERE IS NO REAL PEACE OF MIND EXCEPT IN GOOD CHARACTER.

A CHANGE

Woman's first thought, always, is for the welfare of children.

Now that women vote politicians ask themselves every day, "What can we do for the children—how can we please their mothers?" That question, "How can we get the women's votes?" has improved politics 100 per cent, already.

It's a Crowded Grindstone, Brothers

Men Drift To It Through All Kinds of Foolishness—Especially "Idleness and Pride."

Money is the root of all evil. Human striving is centered almost exclusively upon MONEY. Evil, formerly done in pursuit of glory and other aims is now brought about, by pursuit of money.

But if money is the root of all EVIL, POVERTY IS THE MOTHER OF ALL MISERY, and a great deal of crime besides.

The helplessness of the masses brought on by poverty, gives to money its great power for harm.

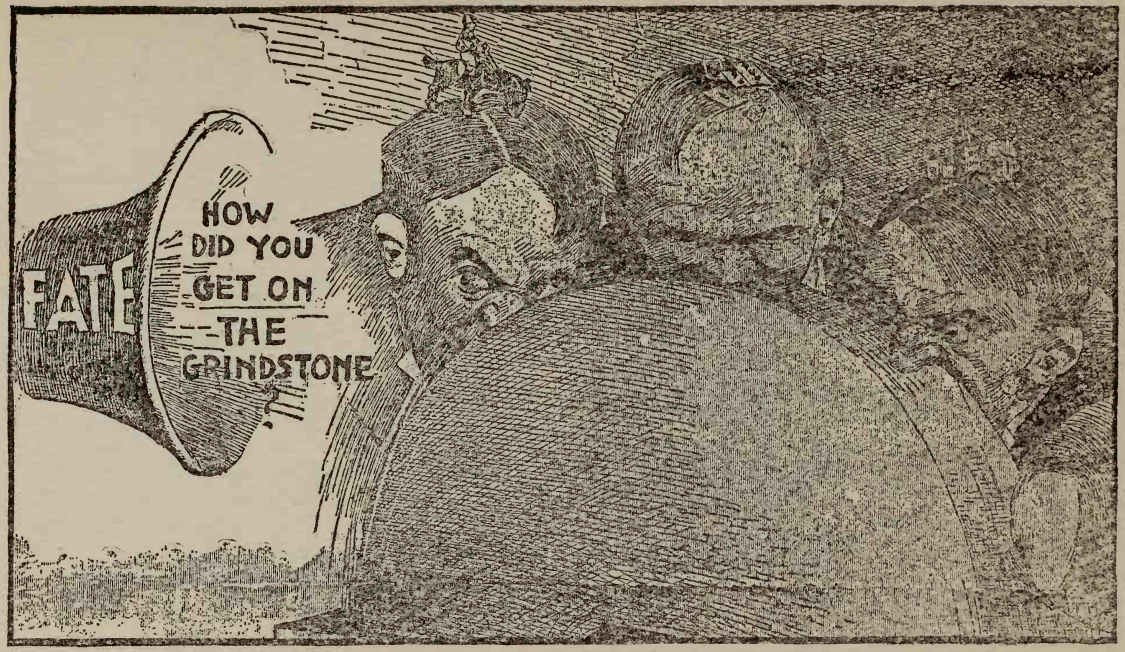
If we could abolish poverty—and fortunately civilization, in spite of all drawbacks does trend toward the abolition of poverty—we should make money harmless by robbing it of its power over men.

The text of this sermon is make YOURSELF INDEPENDENT through the saving of money.

Benjamin Franklin, who was great in a BIG way, and great in the humble field of HARD COMMON SENSE, says in his Almanac:

"A man may, IF HE KNOWS NOT HOW TO SAVE AS HE GETS, keep his nose to the grindstone."

There are at least ninety millions of Americans today with their noses pretty near the grindstone. Many are pressing down on it, HARD.



IT'S A CROWDED GRINDSTONE, BROTHERS

Is Your Nose On This Grindstone?

(*See editorial*)

Of these, some cannot help themselves. Women and children, too often victims of vain, extravagant and thoughtless fathers, are helpless to remedy the situation for themselves.

And you must eliminate that great, unfortunate class of hard-working, underpaid men, doing the best they can, making every sacrifice, yet unable to get even a little ahead.

But after all eliminations, there remain millions of spineless, dependent, abjectly hopeless men, who have no excuse for their position on the grindstone, except self indulgence, vanity, weakness of character, or absolute lack of ambition.

This is written for the men that could and WOULD be independent if they combined self-control with backbone and ambition.

Take the great army of clerks, all the various salaried subordinates.

Many will spend their lives without knowing what independence is, and die without a dollar, without any more record in life than some worn-out car horse. A majority could make themselves independent if they had even a poor car horse's ambition.

The car horse will pull with a galled shoulder, painful feet and a tired, overworked heart.

He puts to shame with his horse courage the great army of "quitters," self-indulgent men, spendthrifts from youth to old age, that whine and pity themselves, AND SPEND EVERY DOLLAR AS FAST AS THEY GET IT.

Of course, it is YOUR business how you spend

YOUR money. But it is also YOUR business and YOUR fault, if you amount to nothing.

It might do many of us good to read the life of Benjamin Franklin, quoted above.

Vegetarians tell you Franklin was a vegetarian. He was not.

But for a long time, when a mere boy, he ate no meat THAT HE MIGHT HAVE MONEY TO BUY BOOKS.

When he got the books he READ them—he fed his mind in preference to feeding his stomach.

He became one of the great men of the nation and of the world. HE HAD THE COURAGE TO DENY HIMSELF TO-DAY IN ORDER TO AMOUNT TO SOMETHING TO-MORROW.

"Living is very expensive," you say. Yes, the trusts tax us heavily.

The position of the man of small means is bad. It will probably keep on getting worse until the public wakes up and does something.

But that is no reason why YOU, THE INDIVIDUAL, should throw up your hands, sink down, do nothing for yourself.

The trusts tax you it is true, BUT YOU TAX YOURSELF FAR MORE HEAVILY THAN ANY TRUST TAXES YOU.

The heaviest tax on a man is his own weakness, self-indulgence, FAILURE TO SEIZE OPPORTUNITIES.

Read another of Franklin's sayings:

"Idleness and pride TAX WITH HEAVIER HAND than kings and Parliaments."

How much do idleness and pride cost us? How

big a tax do they put on our future and present prosperity?

The man who simply does what he is paid to do, WHAT HE HAS GOT TO DO, and makes no further effort, is the most pathetic kind of an *idle man.* He does what somebody else FORCES him to do, submitting to that, as to other things. He hasn't in him the driving power to MAKE HIMSELF do extra work that would get him out of his dismal swamp.

The man who does only as much as he has GOT to do, or, "as much as he is paid for," is the typical IDLE man.

His life is ruled by others. His prosperity is determined by others. He is a human wheelbarrow—goes just as far as somebody pushes him, and no farther.

And how about pride? What does that cost us?

But pride, vanity, FEAR OF WHAT OTHERS WILL THINK are all the same.

We dress more extravagantly than we can afford. That is foolish pride.

We spend BECAUSE WE HAVEN'T COURAGE TO DO WHAT WE KNOW WE OUGHT TO DO. That is weak pride.

We struggle to keep up appearances because we ARE AFRAID of our neighbors' criticism. While keeping up foolish appearances, we keep up THE REALITY OF PERMANENT DEPENDENCE.

The two quotations from Franklin above, and a third, from a letter written to William Strahan—

"REMEMBER THAT TIME IS MONEY"—will explain the average human failure.

The failure does not know "HOW TO SAVE AS HE GETS." As fast as it COMES IN it GOES OUT, and this keeps his nose on the grindstone.

Second, he does not realize that it is his idleness and pride that tax him, eating up money and his possibilities of improvement.

Third, he forgets that the only REAL possession is TIME. There is nothing the average man wastes, as he wastes time.

Yet time IS money, time IS opportunity, time can be made into KNOWLEDGE, POWER, ACHIEVEMENT, DEPENDENCE.

Time to the individual is like the power of Niagara to the company that exploits it.

That power can be used to light a city, to run a factory, to carry people in street cars, to heat houses, or to kill a man in the electric chair.

Time, man's only possession, CAN BE CHANGED BY HIM INTO WHAT HE WILL. With that time he can make himself worthless at the pool table, the race track, or in foolish gossip.

The same time can be used in productive labor, which means accumulated capital; in acquiring knowledge, which means increase of future usefulness and profit.

"IT IS HARD FOR AN EMPTY BAG TO STAND UPRIGHT."

This is another saying of Franklin's. He referred to the man empty of KNOWLEDGE, comparing him to a bag empty of grain. Both are flat.

Another bag that can't stand upright is the man with no money saved.

The man with no money saved can't be independent. He is at the mercy of the individual from whom he gets his salary.

How many servile creatures do you see, bending over before their bosses, living a life of servility? These are empty bags that can't stand upright. They don't DARE stand upright—they would hardly know how to do it, if they tried.

Young man, SAVE MONEY. If you can't save MUCH, save LITTLE. If you can't save a THOUSAND dollars, save TEN.

Don't save money for its own sake. The love of mere money is, if anything, more contemptible than out-and-out idleness.

The miser is as miserable a creature as the idler, except that the miser has, at least, strength of purpose.

Save your money, THAT YOU MAY BE INDEPENDENT.

Save your money, that you may be able to seize opportunity, if it comes along, able to take some risk well considered, in order to better yourself.

Save your money, that you may have in old age, at least modest security, independence, leisure for thought and, unselfish work for others.

DO YOUR BEST ALWAYS

A man who fails to do THE BEST THERE IS IN HIM, is a failure, whatever he may do, no matter how he may impose upon the world with his work.

Let the Child BE a Child

And the Man Will Be a Man.

Everything eats, and grows on what it eats, from one of the billions of separate cells in your body to the imagination of Shakespeare, fed by the world's history and the world about him.

Of all hungry things, the child's imagination is hungriest. And if you want to develop the right kind of a man, the child must have for its brain the food that it wants.

Even grown-up human beings are forever telling themselves fairy stories as to what they will be or might be. Or, with other fairy stories, excusing mistakes and failures.

The child's body before its birth goes through all the stages of animal development, from the single cell to the fully developed young human.

The child's mind, after birth, passes through all the different phases that have marked the mind of man in his progress from savagery up.

The savage likes fishing and hunting and animals and strange stories—facts tire and bore him.

It is the same with the little boy, for his mind is going through the savage state in a slow evolution, just as his body went through all the various forms and phases before he was born.

Imagination is a force in your brain, just as physical strength is another force in your muscles.

You let your child play, run, fly his kite, roll a hoop, knowing that the strength thus created and stored up in his body will be used for serious work later on.

You do not put your child to man's work, but let childish play develop him. What you do for his BODY, do also for his MIND. Let that mind play, let it feed on the fairy stories and wild imaginations. Teach the child gradually and kindly the value of accuracy. But do not show stupid severity, magnifying the importance of childish falsehood, which is only imagination running riot.

A brutal father, a heavy stick well applied would have killed imagination in Shakespeare.

And when he got his first job in London holding horses for a penny outside of the theatre, he would have stuck at his job and held horses or run errands until he died—instead of creating the literature of the modern world.

Where you find a man with no outlook, little hope, no prospects, you find usually a poor head, plus severe treatment, based on a stupid idea that the child should act like a man.

Remember that it is natural for children to tell falsehoods, to take what is not their own, to exaggerate—all savages do it all their lives. Children do it instinctively.

What and Where Is Heaven?

Three Readers Disagree on the Answer to a Question Which Millions Have Asked.

We receive the following:

"What is your definition of heaven? Is it a material place or spiritual one? I and some friends had an argument over it and agreed to abide by the decision of your paper. A says that it is a place where ideals are realized, B says that it is an imaginary place, while C says that it is a place as the Bible says, to which the good go to live in peace. If you wish to give your opinion of what heaven is, we would be very grateful to you for settling an argument."

The four major divisions of the world's religions are the Christians, numbering about 570,000,000; the Hindus and Buddhists, about 350,000,000; the Confucianists and Taoists, about 300,000,000, and the Mohammedans, about 225,000,000. These four constitute more than three-quarters of the world's religious worshippers.

The Christian belief of heaven is, of course, based on Biblical teachings, and the twenty-second and twenty-third chapters of Revelations describe in detail what St. John conceived the future dwelling place of the good to be.

According to his description, heaven is a square city.

"And he measured the city twelve thousand furlongs."

That would be a territory fifteen hundred miles

on each side. About twenty-two thousand five hundred times as large as Washington and about one-twenty-fifth the area of the dry land of the world.

With this heaven as closely populated as the Capitol in war times, it would hold about nine billion people. The present human inhabitants of the world number slightly under two billions.

Thus we see that the heaven of Revelations is going to be crowded if only a fraction of the people who have lived since the world began were good enough to go there.

The physical description of the Christian heaven and the Mohammedan paradise bear a striking similarity. Mohammed, who lived in the seventh century, would seem to have copied his ideas of a place of reward from Biblical sources, attempting at all times to make HIS heaven more attractive.

According to Revelations, the heaven of St. John was a part of "a great and high mountain."

Mohammed put his heaven above the earth and to it he made a famous pilgrimage. His celestial journey was begun when he mounted Borak, an animal with the face of a human, the body of an ass, and the tail and hoofs of a cow.

On an emerald green saddle with turquoise stirrups and a bridle of pearls he journeyed to his meeting with the 124,000 prophets and then proceeded up a ladder of light to seven successive heavens, each more wonderful than the other, and everywhere he reported he was received with great favor.

He saw sexless angels by the millions, all breathing perfume. Some of them had seventy heads,

which would seem too many, and one had 10,000 wings, and another had eyes all over him.

The Mohammedan heaven would seem to be more spacious than that of the Christian religion, for in one of the heavens were 700,000 tents, each as large as the earth, and the distance from one tent to another was a 50,000 years' journey.

Mohammed expected a big crowd in his paradise.

The journey of the prophet must have been amazingly interesting. It is recited in wonderful detail in various books of Turkish authorship, each seeking to be more glowing in description than the others.

The third of the great religions has no heaven at all.

Confucius had no expectation of a future life, and he gave no hope of one to his believers.

One morning, seven days before his death, with his hands behind his back dragging his staff, he was found by Tze-Kung, one of his disciples, in his garden, and this was what he was saying to himself:

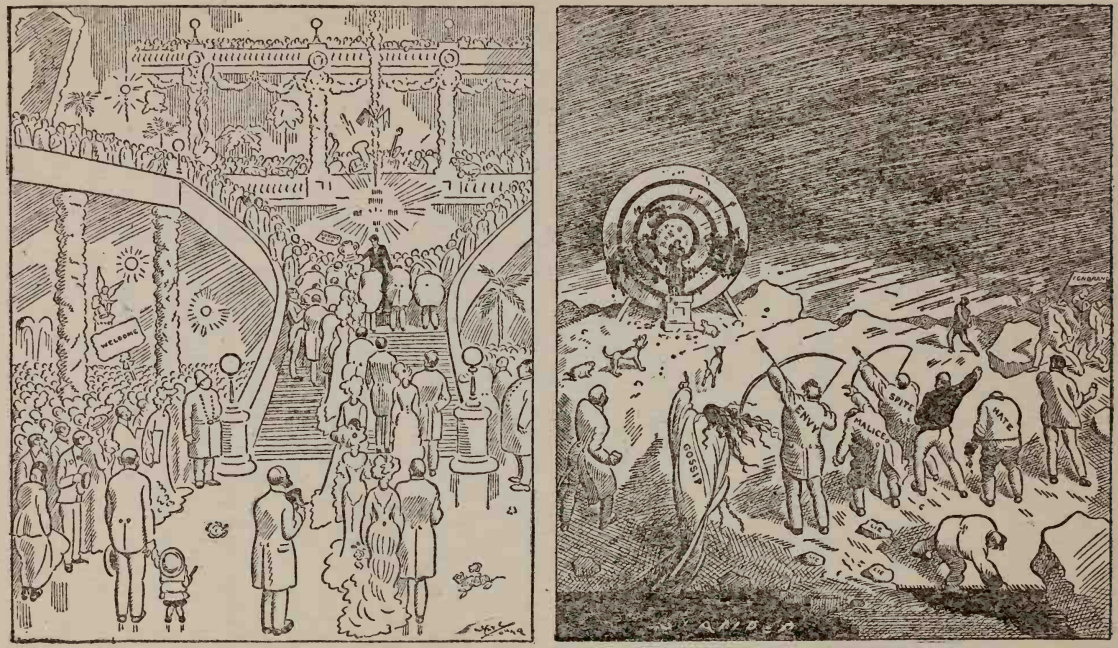
"The great mountain must crumble,
The strong beam must break,
The wise man must wither away like a plant."

That was the way the great Chinese philosopher summed up his conception of the after life.

He who had said, "The superior man may have to endure want, but he is still the superior man," reduced his ideal in the end to the level of the leaves.

"While you do not know life," he said to one of his followers, "what can you know about death?"

Good and evil, he taught, were recompensed by the results of conduct and within the sphere of time.



MORE MUD THAN THANKS FOR REAL WORKERS

Men Must Fight for the Love of Fighting

(*See editorial*)

More Mud Than Thanks for Good Workers

But What of It? Men Must Fight for the Love of Fighting, and for the Love of Other Men. They Will Get Many Kicks and Few Congratulations. Even Then They Are Luckier Than the Men that Don't Fight At All.

The man who starts out to make a fight for the under dog, to work for those that need friends, doesn't have the most cheerful kind of a time.

For a few minutes, perhaps, in the course of years he has sympathetic friends about him, he may even appear to have for reward the praise and thanks of all the people.

But those few minutes of satisfaction he must pay for with years spent as a target.

Envy, ignorance and slander pursue him.

What is worse than all, he is detested by those whose good opinion he would like, by those that would work with him and value him, IF THEY UNDERSTOOD HIM.

The man who starts out to do something new and worth while—in a big way or a little way—is not starting on an easy path.

The man who is truly a great worker can never know rest or happiness.

For the man who always tries to attack the prob-

lem that is new is always suspected, always maligned.

AND THERE ARE ALWAYS NEW PROBLEMS, THERE IS ALWAYS NEW, UNEXPLORED WORK for the man that is not satisfied to do one little thing, then sit down and glory in his achievement.

The man that tries to do something useful—what happens to him?

He DOES get kicks and cuffs and abuse. But what of it?

The college boy who goes into a football game gets kicked, nose and shins are skinned. He wouldn't be much of a football player if he didn't expect that.

The greatest public hero never needed as much courage as does the mother of a poor family; never went through the disappointments and the suffering of such a mother.

Of those mothers there are millions. Who pities them, or utters rhapsodies about their hard fate?

The mother produces the new child; tears, blood, agony and weakness are her reward for this service which she renders to the world.

One child follows another, poverty, worry, anxiety increase with every one.

Does the man with a new idea and the responsibility for its protection BEGIN to suffer or endure what the ordinary mother of a poor family must suffer?

A man is in a real fight. He must EXPECT real knocks. He must enjoy the fighting, and be prepared in advance for the blows, moral and physical, that the other side is bound to give.

The man of to-day who advocates new truth and tries to work for the disinherited class doesn't need to pity himself much. He only need look back a little way to see sights that should fill him with self-congratulation.

He can see Giordano Bruno burned alive because he dared to speak his mind and convictions.

He can see women murdered brutally, whole families destroyed, because the head of the family dared to oppose dishonest schemes of the great.

We quote Buckle's beautifully told story of the man that tries to be useful to other human beings.

If it should persuade some of you to give a patient and courteous hearing to those that differ with you in opinion, so much the better. This quotation appears in the second volume of Buckle's work:

"Not for him are those rewards which in other pursuits the same energy would have earned; not for him the sweets of popular applause; not for him the luxury of power; not for him a share in the councils of his country; not for him a conspicuous and honored place before the public eye.

"Albeit conscious of what he could do, he may not compete in the great contest; he cannot hope to win the prize; he cannot even enjoy the excitement of the struggle.

"To him the arena is closed. His recompense lies within himself, and he must learn to care little for the sympathy of his fellow-creatures, or for such honors as they are able to bestow.

"So far from looking for these things, he should rather be prepared for that obloquy which always awaits those who, by opening up new veins of thought disturb the prejudices of their contempo-

raries. While ignorance, and worse than ignorance, is imputed to him; while his motives are misrepresented and his integrity impeached; while he is accused of denying the value of moral principles, as if he were some public enemy, who made it his business to corrupt society, and whose delight it was to see what evil he could do; while these charges are brought forward, and repeated from mouth to mouth, he must be capable of pursuing in silence the even tenor of his way, without swerving, without pausing, and without stepping from his path to notice the angry outcries which he cannot but hear, and which he is more than human if he does not long to rebuke.

"These are the qualities and these the high resolves indispensable to him who, on the most important of all subjects, believing the old road is worn out and useless, seeks to strike out a new one for himself, and in the effort not only perhaps exhausts his strength, but is sure to incur the enmity of those who are bent on maintaining the ancient scheme unimpaired. * * * *

"And, let him toil as he may, the sun and noontide of his life shall pass by, the evening of his days shall overtake him, and he himself have to quit the scene, leaving that unfinished which he had vainly hoped to complete. He may lay the foundation; it will be for his successors to raise the edifice. Their hands will give the last touch; they will reap the glory, their names will be remembered when his is forgotten."

It is true that the world doesn't treat very gently those that try to serve it.

But the man who wants to make himself useful and make his life worth while must understand conditions in advance.

If you want money and an easy life, get an easy job. Make yourself useful to money, and money will make itself useful to you.

If you want to have a life that is worth while, remember that you must take your pay in your own approval, or in the fun of a good, hard fight.

It is a little late in history to show the real fighter's quality.

Some years ago, when fighting men ruled the world, the man with a new idea ran real risks. He paid with his life with twisted limbs and burnt flesh, for his freedom of thought.

Now punishment for independent thinking is ridiculously mild. The thinking man is simply hated by overfed idiots. They feel toward him as polecats feel toward a hunting dog. They hate him, bother him if they can, but run usually.

Certainly you will have mud thrown at you, if you try to help those that "work without living," and if you annoy those that "live without working." But, what of it?

Wouldn't you rather be a good, honest hunting animal than a well-fed pig in some rich man's sty?

KILL FLIES

Flies may be useful scavengers out of doors. But your house is not the place for them.

KILL THE FLIES.

The Two Great Mysteries

Life and Death—Each a Puzzle. Why Do We Come and Why Do We Go? What Is Life? What Is Death? Those Are the Questions that We Cannot Answer.

A billion and a half human beings swarm on this earth. We look at each other, study each other, help each other a little, swindle and oppress each other a great deal—and soon we vanish to make room for other swarms.

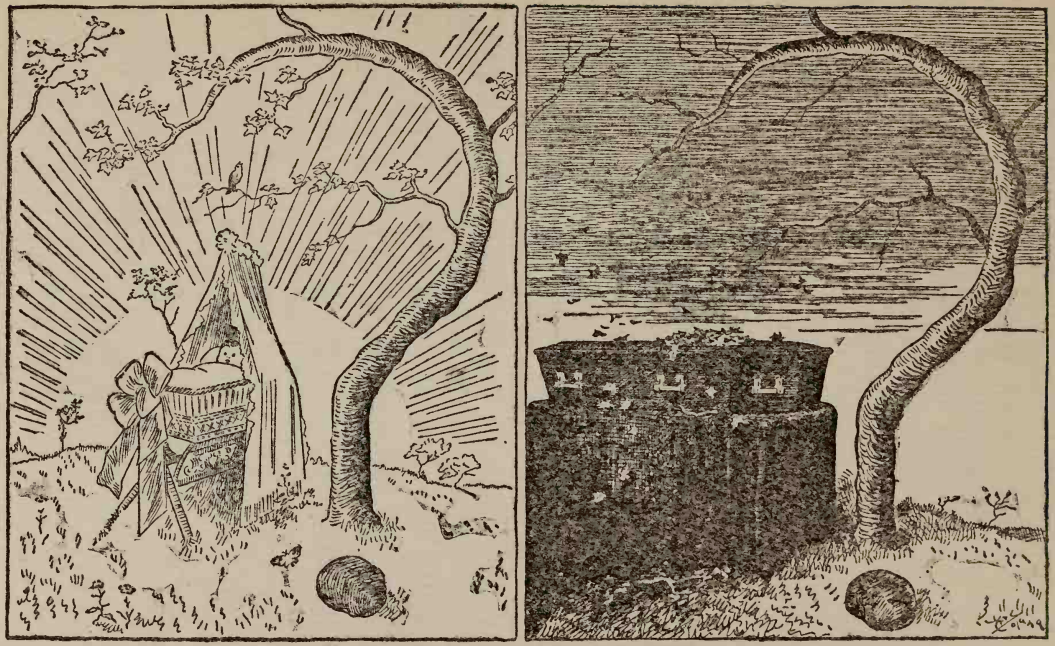
Of all the hundreds of millions white, black, yellow that now make up living humanity, not 1000 will be left alive in a hundred years from now. Each minute scores of us are born and scores die.

As you read, human beings are breathing their last all over the planet, and others are just arriving on earth. The feeble cries of the new-born and the last sighs of the dying are rising forever from our world—and from all the hundreds of millions of other worlds.

The first acquaintance with death oppresses and mystifies us. The child stands beside the dark coffin and whispers questions that the child itself can answer as well as the oldest, wisest man.

We know nothing of the mystery of death and nothing of the mystery of life.

Why and whence we come, why and whither we go, we cannot tell. Religion alone can free men's



THE TWO GREAT MYSTERIES
Life and Death

(*See editorial*)

minds from doubt, worry and the strain of a questioning effort that can bring no response.

Science tries its wisdom, and fails.

There is talk of chemical combinations that "produce life automatically," and further talk of destructive organisms within the organism that end, eventually, the life that they have protected.

Energy and matter—the childish scientists tell us—produce life in some more or less accidental and inevitable way—they simply talk pseudo-scientific drivel AROUND the puzzling questions of existence. They KNOW nothing, and can tell nothing.

Our sleeping and our waking, the half-death that comes to us with every setting of the sun, typifies the real life that is so great a mystery.

The mind that dealt most broadly and powerfully with the mystery of life was that of Shakespeare. He makes Macbeth resume in few words what all of us feel. The King is told that his wife is dead, and, disgusted with his own efforts, with the uselessness of struggle, he says:

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more; it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

There is the picture of life as it seems to the mind dissatisfied and disappointed.

And that is a picture typifying the mental condition of a friend—a reader—who has asked that this editorial be written.

This friend writes to us:

"You write a good deal about this life and its duties. You are always giving advice, and telling people what to do with their lives. Why don't you tell us what life is? Or, rather, why not tell us what it is not?

"Tell the people that at best they are like the gnats that fly around your head on a country road. They live for a minute and then they die.

"Why should they bother themselves, anyhow? What does it all matter? Suppose you write, for a change, on life's emptiness and stop writing advice of other kinds."

This friend—we condense his long letter—is an intelligent man. But he is no longer young, and, although he does not know it, his mind has soured. The brain sours when neglected, just as milk sours. And the man who imagines himself an intelligent pessimist is simply one whose brain has soured in his head.

We all admit that we cannot explain life or death —or anything else that involves knowledge of conditions preceding or following existence here.

But we know other things as well. We know that we have within us emotions and instincts that guide us. We know that IT IS POSSIBLE FOR US TO BE OF USE TO EACH OTHER AND TO THOSE THAT WILL FOLLOW US ON THIS EARTH.

Our own lives ARE short; life IS a puzzle and death is another puzzle. But—to talk as does our friend—"what of that?"

If life is a great thing—then make the most of it.

If it is but a fleeting shadow, make the most of the fleeting moment.

Whatever conditions may be, here or hereafter, or before we arrive here, we cannot make a mistake if we do the best that we know how to do.

There are some great questions that none of us can answer.

The foolish man camps down before the unanswerable question and spends his life before it.

The wise man walks around the question that is too much for him and does good work on the other side of it.

It is the same with the wise and the foolish soldier—read our sour old friend Schopenhauer in his big book, "Die Welt als Wille und Ausstellung."

A military leader begins his campaign on the enemy. He meets a fortress on a rock—one that he could not take by assault or starvation. He does not sit down and gaze at it forever. He simply goes ahead and takes easier fortresses, undefended towns. And he gains the whole country, everything that he wants, without even bothering with that untakable place.

So it is with the wise man in life. He realizes that certain questions, certain mental fortresses, are beyond his powers. But he marches around them and does other things.

You cannot tell what LIFE is.

You don't know what DEATH is.

But you CAN do something better than to answer the unanswerable questions.

You can make your life worth while to others—and that which DOES GOOD is no dream.

You can make your death glorious, or at least peaceful.

If at the last day you can say:

"I really do not know why I came here, and I

cannot say positively where I am going; but I DO know that I have tried to behave like a decent creature. I have done my duty as well as I could, and I am ready to take my chance."

If you can say that when the doctor tells you that it is time to move on, you need not worry about the two great mysteries or the unanswerable questions.

LIKE A TREE

Character, a tree of slow growth, is not ready made. It must be cared for day by day, year by year.

Every day of wise living strengthens character, every folly weakens it.

Temptation resisted builds up character, weakness and folly tear it down.

THE CLOCK WATCHER

Are you a WORKER or a SHIRKER? The man who watches the clock and yawns and waits for the end of effort is the man WHO WILL keep on watching a clock all his life.

It is never too early to train children in the value of money, and its use, which should include, first of all, the duty to help others intelligently.

The greatest waste of time is trying to make yourself BIGGER by trying to make others SMALLER.

Take a Cheerful View of Life

A Sour, Pessimistic Man Is a Poor Sample of His Tribe. While Here Let Us Be, and Make Others as Hopeful as We Can.

There are too many gloomy faces in America.

Too many look at life through dark spectacles and try to make others do the same.

We can all help to make other people happier BY SEEMING, AND BEING, HAPPY OURSELVES.

We make our troubles worse by thinking how bad they are.

We make them lighter by remembering that they won't last long; that courage and determination alone are required to end them.

One trouble with Americans is work under too high pressure.

The reaction comes, and takes the form of dejected spirits, pessimistic forebodings.

Many are made miserable by the moroseness of the heads of families—worrying uselessly about the future, or chronically gloomy about the present.

Nowhere in the world will you see so many gloomy, preoccupied faces as in this country. That is, sometimes, a sign of intensity, hard striving for success. It is also a sign of nervous wear and tear, of early breakdown.

TAKE A CHEERFUL VIEW OF LIFE

Don't Be a Sour, Pessimistic Man

(*See editorial*)

Cheerfulness OF ITSELF is a valuable asset.

A doctor looks at his patient, sees a wrinkled, nervous man, of constant frowns and constant irritation. He knows that effecting a cure will be harder than with a cheerful person. Irritability poisons the system.

How do the Christian Scientists—working without knowledge of science in the real sense of the word—EFFECT MANY CURES?

Many doctors send nervous, pessimistic cases to Christian Science practitioners—and without having any faith whatever in the usual claims of Christian Science.

Christian Science begins by TEACHING CHEERFULNESS—in an exaggerated unreasoning form, perhaps, but still CHEERFULNESS. It can be said for Christian Scientists, as for few others, that they are a cheerful and a smiling people. They push away trouble, or deny its reality. In their own amusing phraseology they say that the things unpleasant "never happened."

We do not recommend that style of settling life's problems.

But we do recommend the habit of refusing to take as final the unpleasant side of life.

Unfortunately a little knowledge often leads to a good deal of intellectual sourness.

A man READS just enough to know how big humanity's problems are. He THINKS just enough to realize how feeble is the mind of man in proportion to the work before it.

He draws gloomy conclusions for the race, finds life not worth while—declares sometimes that the

world must be governed by an evil spirit—and wherever he goes spreads gloom around him.

Such a human being is inferior to the plantation darky, singing at his work, smiling over a poor dinner, genuinely happy over the welcome home of a little darky baby that cannot possibly be President.

Life IS a big problem, to achieve even moderate happiness is NOT easy.

But we can't make things better by groaning and frowning as we go.

Consider the coral insects that have built great islands in Southern waters. Those little creatures at their work below the surface set us a good example.

Think of the task they carry through—without knowing it. For centuries they work, lifting the wall of coral slowly from the bed of the sea toward the sunlit surface. Each little hole in the coral is the tomb of one worker. None of them ever lives to see a change. But they work and plod along.

The work is done, the island is made at last, soil is formed, birds bring the seeds, palms grow, human beings appear—and the little submarine creatures have done their work.

So it will be with us. We are a sort of coral insect, gradually creating a real civilization, raising it slowly from the depths of ignorance, savagery, poverty and selfishness. It is a long work, and a hard work.

BUT WE MIGHT AS WELL BE CHEERFUL ABOUT IT, and enjoy the work, instead of making it worse with growling.

Many a man has made his way simply because men LIKE to see a happy face, and are glad to help one that faces life pluckily and cheerfully.

The kind of man picked out by a Morgan or Rockefeller for hard and important work is THE CHEERFUL MAN.

Morgan's young partners and Rockefeller's young partners are men who actually MAKE IT A BUSINESS TO BE CHEERFUL. They know from study of life that there is a cash value to cheerfulness, that the man, always ready, who finds nothing hard, will be always in demand.

There is another more important side to cheerfulness—its effect upon others. The man who goes home every night with a gloomy face is ruining the lives of those about him. And, worse, he often plays the part of a bully, inflicting his bad humor on those that cannot defend themselves.

Everything in life depends on how we FEEL, not merely upon what we HAVE. No matter how hard your life or your work—a sour nature will only make it harder.

And a pleasant disposition will help at once to better your condition.

In any fight you can easily tell which man is winning. He may be badly battered, perhaps with a black eye and other troubles—but he has a pleasant look through it all, and you can see that he is winning.

The gloomy man LOOKS like the losing one, and he IS that, usually. The moment you begin to look "down on your luck" the world changes its estimate

of you—you are considered a failure by your own confession.

One of the world's brave men was Robert Louis Stevenson, an admirable writer. Really brave, he was always cheerful, worked hard and turned a smiling face to the world—even while dying.

He had success, enjoyed his work,—yet he was dying of consumption and knew it.

Surely there was a man with reason to complain. The world NEEDED him and his work. He knew his existence was a blessing to his fellow man. He knew that within a short time he must go, prematurely, to the grave.

In spite of this, Stevenson was one of the most cheerful of men. In his beautiful epitaph, carved on the stone on the South Sea island hill that he chose for his burial place, he wrote, "Gladly I lived, and gladly die, and I lay me down with a will."

He lived a brave man, doing his best, smiling in the face of cruel fate, and he died brave, hopeful and smiling.

Here is a prayer by Robert Louis Stevenson—
—read it over once in a while:

"The day returns and brings us the petty round of irritating duties.

"Help us to play the man, help us to perform them with laughter and kind faces; let cheerfulness abound with industry.

"Give us to go blithely on our business all this day, bring us to our resting beds, weary and content and undishonored, and grant us in the end the gift of sleep. Amen."

Repetition Is Reputation

It Does Depend, However, on WHAT You Repeat.

YOU, man, woman, boy, girl, poor or rich, who see this are interested DEEPLY in advertising.

For to advertise means to INFORM, and to inform means to enlighten judgment, and to enlighten judgment as to that which is desirable means to help solve THE PROBLEM OF DISTRIBUTION—which is the greatest problem of the world to-day.

No matter what you do in life, you are an advertiser, you are informing others.

If you sit for half an hour with a dreamy look in your eye, while a young woman polishes up your finger nails, you are advertising the fact that your time is not valuable, that your specialty is not intellect.

If you walk erect and firmly, with a look on your face that means something, you are advertising the fact that nervous concentration dwells inside your skull.

If you are on time for appointments, listen respectfully, with real attention, or refuse to listen at all; if you are prompt in paying and slow in borrowing, you advertise the fact that you are a man to be relied upon.

All of life is advertising, and the advertising specialist is one who makes it his business, in written

and printed words and pictures, to tell the millions what it is desired to say to them.

One great factor in advertising, as in all teaching, is REPETITION. "Repetition is reputation."

A dashing young friend known to the advertising world as the "Chicago Bloodhound" writes:

"Repetition makes Reputation—but while two manufacturers of a similar product, who spend the same amount of money in advertising, may both succeed through the force of repetition—one will succeed in far greater measure than the other, because of the greater sales-compelling strength of his copy."

Of course, it makes a difference WHAT you repeat. "Repetition makes reputation," but foolish repetition would make a reputation for foolishness. Wise repetition makes a reputation for wisdom, accurate repetition makes a reputation for truth-telling, and so on indefinitely.

There is, however, a difference between the mere power of REPETITION in itself and the other and great power in writing attractively and convincingly.

MERE NAKED REPETITION has a power of its own. We assure our young friend, and all other human dynamos, that they fail if they do not get clearly into their minds THE POWER OF REPETITION alone, without any ornament or paint or varnish or fancy trimming.

When old Cato got up in the Senate to talk, and ended every speech with "Delenda est Carthage," meaning Carthage must be destroyed, he made the point that he wanted to make, and he made his point BY ABSOLUTE, NAKED REPETITION.

He knew how hard it is to get a thought INTO the mind of a man

When you start to make an entrance to a man's mind in ONE place KEEP AT THAT ONE PLACE, if you are convinced you have picked out a good place.

If you were locked in a prison and wanted to make a hole through the wall, you would start at one place and keep AT THAT PLACE.

If you moved all around your cell, making little holes here and there, you might stay in prison until you lived to be as old as Methusaleh's grandmother. You would make many fancy little holes, but never get THROUGH the wall.

The power of repetition is the power of the man who keeps WORKING AT THE SAME SPOT TO MAKE HIS HOLE THROUGH A WALL OR INTO A MAN'S MIND.

If old Cato had said one day, "Carthage must be destroyed," and if he had said the next day, "Gentlemen, I don't think much of the Carthagenians. Now, you know when you go to Carthage you find men working at nine cents a day, while here in Rome we can't hire men for less than fourteen cents a day," et cetera, et cetera.

If he had talked thus one day, and on the next day had said, "Gentlemen, I want to remind you that a good many nations have been destroyed by their powerful neighbors," et cetera, changing his appeal each day, what would have happened?

He might have been considered a fancy speaker in the Senate, but would he have got into the brains of the Romans the fact that "Carthage must be destroyed" as he did get that idea into their minds *by simple repetition?*

"Carthage must be destroyed," said Cato.

And "Carthage must be destroyed,"

And "Carthage must be destroyed."

And after a certain number of years the Romans began saying in their sleep, "Carthage must be destroyed," and CARTHAGE WAS DESTROYED.

If our bloodhound friend ever puts a soap on the market he should say, "You must use Bloodhound's soap."

"You must use Bloodhound's soap."

"You must use Bloodhound's soap."

If he keeps that up long enough THEY WILL USE BLOODHOUND'S SOAP.

While fancy writing is fine, REMEMBER THAT THERE IS NOTHING QUITE AS POWERFUL AS INTELLIGENT *REPETITION*.

We repeat, to prove that we take our own medicine, REPETITION MAKES REPUTATION.

TO BE EDUCATED

A man must understand astronomy, which explains our place in the universe; geology, which explains the make-up of this globe; evolution, which describes the development of the animals and the plants; philosophy, which is the history of man's thought, and history in its broad details. To understand these things is to have an education.

The Greatest Question

"What Is the Soul?" "Where Is it?" "Does It Help Us to Believe in Immortality?" The World Asks These Questions and Has Asked Them from the Beginning.

David: "I am fearfully and wonderfully made . . . and that my soul knoweth right well."
Ezekiel: "The soul that sinneth, it shall die."
Isaiah: "He hath poured out his soul unto death."

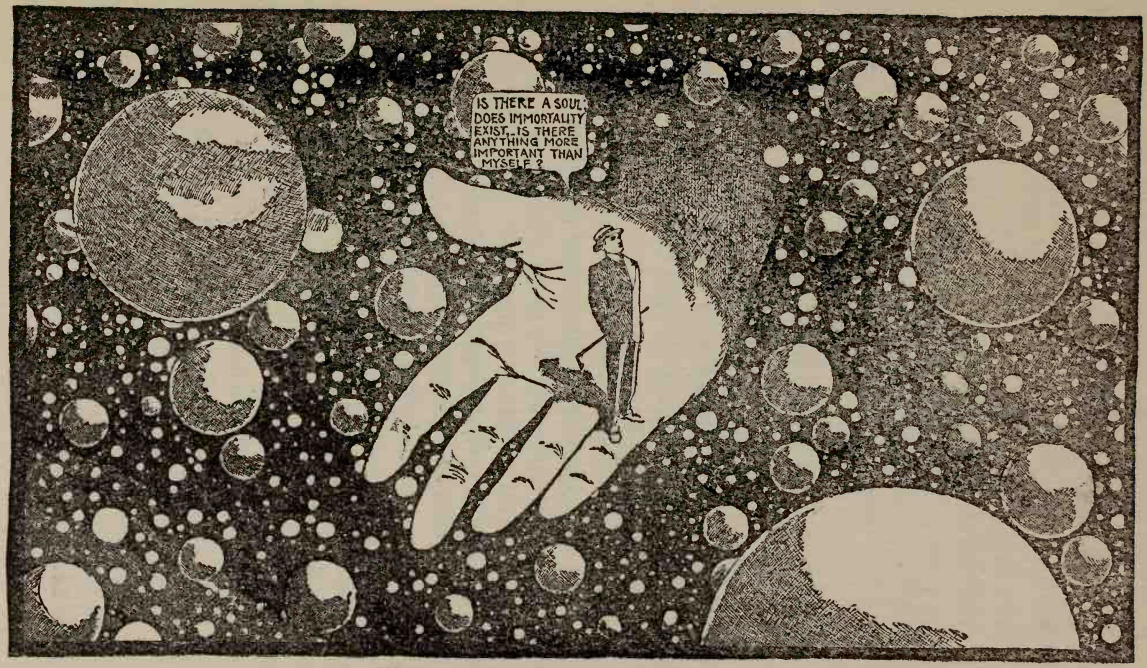
WHAT is the soul?
WHERE is the soul?
Is it a good thing, does it do us any good, to believe in a soul and immortality?

It is not only good, but necessary, apart from faith, to believe that the soul within you is immortal.

It is a good thing for the mother to believe that her toothless, new-born baby will some day be President of the United States. It makes the baby more important, worth while.

Belief in the soul's immortality makes man seem worth while, gives man respect for himself and the Power that creates and rules this universe.

You could not respect a sculptor if you saw him creating statues and breaking them as fast as they were made. You could not respect the great Power that rules throughout all space if you thought of it



THE GREATEST QUESTION

What Man Has Not Asked the Question "What Is the Soul?" (*See editorial*)

as a force, creating thinking, aspiring, human beings longing for immortality only to break them and plunge them back into nothingness after a few moments of created life.

Belief in immortality of the soul is reasonable, because, as Charles Fourier points out, "God does not deceive His creatures."

He gives them wishes that are destined to be realized.

Man from the beginning has longed for wings, for the power to fly—*and to-day he flies.*

Twenty years ago you could have found a million men to say that any man was a fool who suggested that human beings would fly one day simply because they WANTED to fly.

The little girl plays with her doll, dresses it, talks to it, puts it in the cradle, longs for real motherhood —*and later she is a real mother.*

Nature does not deceive her, nor does it deceive her little brother who plays soldier and hunter and is later the soldier and hunter.

The most universal longing within human beings, the most intense desire is for immortal life—it is not a desire based on cowardice, fear of death. For we do not know what death is, the animals do not know it, do not fear it.

Not only is belief in immortality "useful," but the development of civilization on this planet would have been impossible without it. Without it life here would be horrible.

A woman losing her child believes that it still

lives beyond the grave, and is happy. That belief makes it possible for her to go on living.

A mother dies, and the daughter is comforted by the knowledge that she will see her mother again. There could be no other comfort.

As civilization and education develop, poverty disappears and crime with it, belief in punishment beyond the grave will become unimportant.

But belief in immortality, the inspiration of the human race, will last forever. And it will prove to be a belief justified.

Eternal power would not mystify, delude and cheat millions of beings by planting in them a longing never to be realized.

"Where is the soul? What is the soul?" Those questions will not be answered on this earth. Three things are real.

First, MATTER—the solid earth upon which you stand, the material body in which your spirit lives, the marble of which the sculptor makes his statue.

Second, FORCE—the power applied to matter that transforms it, steam or electricity, the sun's heat drawing up the matter making the clouds and rain, the lightning that flashes in the sky, the power that draws the steel to the magnet.

Third, SPIRIT, *or SOUL,* the thinking, planning, conscious power that controls force, and applies force to matter as the farmer applies the plow to the ground. Force applied to matter by the spirit makes of the earth and its contents whatever the SPIRIT wills.

You see a musician like Paderewski at his piano. There you have the trinity of life and action on

earth. The piano represents matter. Its keys, strings and soundingboard are silent until force directed by the spirit is applied to produce harmony.

The energy in the player's hands is force. The soul, the conscious power that understands music, mechanics, harmony, mathematics, and all fields of knowledge, directs the fingers, applying the force, and produces melody.

Just as the individual player's spirit applying force to the dead matter of the piano produces harmony, so the spirit of the human race, applying force and knowledge to this planet, which was originally a dreadful combination of deserts, swamps and forests, will make of it a beautiful earth, a beautiful globe, cultivated, drained, irrigated, fit abode for civilized beings.

WHERE is the soul? It is nowhere.

Is the soul of the musician in his ear, in the sense of hearing? No.

Beethoven wrote his finest music after he had become stone deaf, and conducted his orchestra when he could not hear a sound. The soul of music in him had nothing to do with his ears, just as the music in a Paderewski or a Paganini has nothing to do with the fingers or the muscles.

The soul of man is everywhere and nowhere in man's body and in his environment, just as the Divine Soul, ruling the universe and all the suns and planets, is everywhere and nowhere.

You are your own soul, that is all there is of you except the lime in your bones, flesh, hair, nerves and clothes—the mere matter.

You cannot locate, see or identify the soul within

yourself. But all about you you see the existence of the human soul demonstrated. You see it in the beautiful smile of a young child. You see it in the angelic face of an old woman caring for children that are not her own.

It may be said, as a great Frenchman said of the Divine Being, "If there had been no belief in immortality of the soul, it would have been necessary to invent it."

But there is no necessity for invention. Immortality exists, the truth is everywhere visible. Nothing else is possible. You learn from science that matter and force are indestructible.

The candle that you burn is not destroyed. The matter in it is transformed, and every particle could be found in the ashes of the wick or collected from the atmosphere to which it has gone.

Even the candle flame is not lost, but taken up in the air it still endures as force in the form of heat.

The force of lightning that flashed in clouds above the mountains on this earth ten million years ago exists still. That same force you may see in the next thunderstorm.

Is it conceivable that Divine Wisdom, ruling this little earth and all of space, would make absolutely imperishable dead matter and unconscious force and sentence to destruction, to nothingness, that conscious force or spirit, THE SOUL, that produces harmony on earth by its control of force and matter?

Is it conceivable that the substance of the carpet under your feet, the force that creates the heat in your stove, should be indestructible, destined to

endure forever, and the intelligence that makes the carpet and the stove condemned to annihilation? There is no waste in the universe, only an abundance that men call waste.

Lack of belief in the existence of a soul, existing forever, would deaden and discourage the mind of man. The life of the individual is but an hour on this planet, which eventually will go back to dust as we do. It is but a moment in eternity.

To get the best work out of a thinking human being, you must make him feel that he is worth while.

Work and planning, self denial and suffering, the patience of the statesman, misunderstood and abused, the devotion of the scientist, working for future ages, would lack inspiration without the belief that there is eternal life for matter, force and spirit, that nothing is wasted, nothing lost, and the good that men do lives after them FOREVER.

Belief in immortality, confidence in a Just Power ruling this world, inspire the best men in their best work, and without that belief the world would be a dreary desert.

This life is a little pond, soon dried up. The great universe outside is an appalling ocean. Tiny man stands on that ocean's edge, looking out, asking questions that never can be answered. He does not know, but he has the courage to believe—that belief is his strength and his salvation.

The great Jewish poet, Heine, cynical and powerful, driven out of Prussia by the hatred of the

Hohenzollerns, describes in a vein of bitter cynicism poor feeble man.

Questions is from Heine's "Poems of the North Sea" and the translation into English that we give you is by the daughter of Freiligraeth.

QUESTIONS

"Oh, solve me The Riddle of Life,
That harrowing, world-old riddle,
Whereon many heads have pondered and brooded;
Heads in caps hieroglyph-scribbled,
Heads in turbans, heads in black beavers,
Heads periwigged, and a thousand others,
Poor, aching human heads—
Tell me what signifies Man?
Whence has he come? And whither goes he?
Who dwells in the golden stars?"

The waves murmur their endless babble,
The wind it blows and the clouds they wander,
The stars they glitter coldly indifferent—
And a fool waits for an answer.

Cynical as it is, the last line has its value. Man must ask these questions, he always has asked them and he always will ask them. But only "the fool waits for an answer."

The wise man knows that murmuring waves, blowing winds, wandering clouds and glittering stars, "coldly indifferent," can all be compelled by the genius that resides in the spirit of man to answer his questions.

Standing on the shore of time, he cannot trace his origin or predict his future. But he can control those winds, and defy those waves, and count and measure the distance to the farthest stars—all by the power within his brain, the power that never can die.

Some men are abler than others, whose spirits talk through brains and bodies less well made. Make the greatest artist play on a violin out of tune and he will give you hideous discords.

Let Paderewski drum on the tom-tom of a savage and he will give you nothing but savage music. The greatest musician cannot express himself unless you give him the right instrument. The greatest soul cannot express itself except through the right brain and body.

For that reason men are put here, SOULS ARE PUT HERE, to build up through the love of mothers, through the affection of husbands and wives, better and better human beings through which the spirit may express itself and produce harmony on the earth.

"I am fearfully and wonderfully made," said King David, "and that my soul knoweth right well."

Fearful and wonderful is the soul of man, occupying no space, located nowhere, ruling this earth *and living forever in time that has no end and space that has no boundaries.*

THE PUBLIC SCHOOL

Fortunate are the children whose mothers and fathers send them to the public schools, to the democratic atmosphere, to the school that gives them the chance for success later.

What makes life worth while or at least bearable is, ACTIVE INTEREST IN LIFE. The man who is trying to DO something and who *wants* TO DO IT, may fail perpetually. But his life is endurable because he is trying.

What Should a Young Woman Know—Aside from Books?

Interesting Question.

"What should a young woman know aside from her books?" a young woman asks.

What should a young woman KNOW?

First, she should know what KNOWLEDGE is.

The most important knowledge, whether in books or out, is knowledge of yourself.

Study yourself without conceit.

That is advice not easy to take, but try it.

Study the outside world and people inhabiting it, without being discouraged by the world's bigness, or the strangeness of the people.

Before you make up your mind in which direction you will point your energies, map out a plan and first of all ask yourself:

"What am I FIT for? What talent have I? What are the best things that I, with my limited abilities, can do?"

Discover as soon as possible what you CAN do, and what is worth while.

If you suddenly found yourself alone in the engineer's seat of a big locomotive going at full speed, you would feel desperately anxious to know what you ought to do, how to push or pull the levers.

You would realize keenly your utter helplessness if you did not know how to control that machine.

You are the inhabitant of an engine which is your own body. Why it is here you don't know. Whence the thought in your mind came you don't know.

You know that you are to stay here for awhile, a hundred years at the most. You know that you are getting the benefit of the work of all the human beings here before you.

Your conscience tells you that it is your duty to make your life as useful as possible to those that are coming after and for those that are here now.

If you decide, as most of us must decide, that you are one of the many able only to do useful, humble work, study to make yourself as useful in a minor way as is possible.

The important thing is LIFE ITSELF.

To be useful you must be healthy, you must understand your own body and the laws that control it.

Needless to say, the greatest thing that any woman can do is to be the mother of fine children—just as the greatest thing that a painter could do is to be the creator of fine pictures.

Women are sometimes impatient when told that they should be happy in the creation of good sons and daughters.

Yet every woman will admit that when Nancy Hanks created Abraham Lincoln she did about as big a thing as any human being could possibly have done.

No young suffragette will suggest that it would have been better if Nancy Hanks had devoted her

life to high and lofty thinking and neglected to create little Abraham.

To have good children you must marry the right kind of a man, and, consequently, women must UNDERSTAND men.

On that subject many thousands of columns could be written.

Bear in mind in your study of men and your selection of a husband, that the first thing is KINDNESS —mother of all the virtues.

The second thing is *health*, including temperance, self-control.

The third thing is *intelligence*. But that you should LIKE the man is most important of all.

Fortunately Nature has arranged matters so that intellectual power is not essential in the father of a great man.

Abraham Lincoln and Napoleon Bonaparte both had rather shiftless, unimportant fathers, and the same is true of many other big men.

The young lady must understand men, and very carefully select the right husband. It is not generally known, but it is true, that *women* do the selecting.

In addition to understanding men, you should understand germs. They are highly important, and many women neglect them.

For your children's sake, for the sake of humanity, you should know of your own knowledge, and outside of books, the part that disease germs play in the world—the fact that sunlight destroys them, that fresh air discourages them.

You should know that, next to useful service to

humanity, the greatest thing in life is happiness, that happiness comes from the absence of too much or too little.

Not too much money, not too little money; not too much exercise, not too little—to keep your place half way between each bank of the stream, that is happiness.

WHICH ARE YOU?

Only two kinds of men in the world. Which kind are you?

The real man THINKS FOR HIMSELF. The imitation man LETS OTHERS THINK FOR HIM.

The shortest sermon on earth:
THINK FOR YOURSELF.

CAN YOU SAY IT?

The hardest word in the English language to pronounce:

"NO"!

"DISCOURAGED"—Let that word get fixed in your mind, and you are done for. "Discouragement" is Old Satan's favorite hunting weapon.

Be known to the world AS AN INDEPENDENT THINKING MAN.

Don't Live in a Hole

The Mole, in His Runway, Is Inferior to the Eagle, in the Clouds. But the Mole Does Not Know It, He Considers Himself the Well-Placed Animal. That Is All Right for a Mole. Providence Mercifully Limits His Intelligence to Make Him Happy. But There Are Mole Men, Living in Mental Holes, as Different From Men With Free Mind and Thought as the Mole Is Different From the Eagle.

Every farmer has seen a thousand moles, only occasionally he sees an eagle.

All of us have seen thousands of mole men, few have seen a man eagle, one that really sees the world and works from a high viewpoint.

This picture is the artist's suggestion to men that they "come up out of their holes" and see what the world is like.

The pictures tell their own story, so that your boy ten years old will understand. If a man comes a little way out of his hole—mental, of course—he sees a LITTLE way around him. If he comes up farther, he sees farther.

And, if he comes all the way up, he sees all the way around, on all sides, and is ready for real life and free movement.

The comparison of men with moles and eagles makes us realize how differently from animals we are planned. If the mole were persuaded to leave

DON'T LIVE IN A HOLE
Get Out of the Hole That Holds You

(*See editorial*)

his underground residence, that would be the end of him. He cannot see in bright light, his little feet with long claws are placed sidewise on his body with the palms turned outward for swift digging, and he walks with difficulty on the earth's surface. Cats would get him, dogs would bite him, and he would starve for lack of roots and worms if he tried to live above ground. Nature planned him for life below, in a hole, and there he is safe.

Preachers used to say that the masses of men were ALSO planned to live in a hole. They were to be content with a dull life in a hole of struggle and misery, patiently waiting to get even by a fine flight through the clouds to heaven, later on.

"Be patient now, slave and do as you are told, stay in the hole in which the Lord put you, just as he put the mole in his hole. The Lord knows what is best, therefore a hole is the best place for you."

That was the ancient teaching. The truth is in the text that tells you to gain freedom through knowledge. The truth is also in the long struggle that men and nations have made to free the many from the control of a few, to get millions out of the miserable holes in which they have worked for the elect.

Much has been done to pull men out of the hole. It is no longer a crime to ask for more pay, or a few hours in the day free from work. Men are not branded with hot irons, as they were once in England, if they wandered from the parish, the hole in which "fate" had placed them, to find work elsewhere.

Men that worked and died in dreadful holes called

sweatshops, dreading dismissal from their slave jobs, now control their industry, are paid in a day what they used to earn in a week, and can become independent if they choose to exercise self-control.

But what men get for their pockets and their stomachs does not give them freedom or get them out of the mental hole in which most of us live. A mole on a nice lawn, free from mole traps, with plenty to eat, is physically as well off as a cloak-maker getting sixty-two dollars a week, a bricklayer paid one dollar and sixty cents an hour, a farmer getting a dollar and a half for corn instead of fifty cents, or a merchant piling up profits.

The holes in which men live are MENTAL holes, in which the body grows fat and prosperous, but the mind dwindles. The average man at fifty is as free from original thought as a new-born infant.

Instead of thought he has mental HABITS. Instead of truth and knowledge he has ancient statements learned by heart.

Take a thousand Democrats or Republicans, ask each one WHY he is what he CALLS himself in politics, and you will not get five intelligent answers.

There are, of course, many men with whom it is useless to discuss mental growth. You would not ask a cow to stop chewing her cud and look with ambition upon the flying eagle. First, she does not WANT to fly; second, she never COULD fly, and it would be useless for her to have flying aspirations.

So with men. When you see one bent upon money-making on a big or little scale, concentrated on physical enjoyment when the money-making is done for the day, there is little use in interrupting his occupation. That is the cud he wants to chew.

You MAY make him unhappy, but you cannot help him by telling him that he is living a cow's life—perhaps without the cow's virtue or usefulness.

But there ARE men and women, millions of them fortunately, to whom the life of the mind means more than that of the body. There are millions that would gladly live poorly if they could die knowing that they had done something worth while, even though the world should not know it or build monuments to them.

For those that want to live above the earth, above the contents of stomach or pocketbook, this picture is intended.

Everybody is familiar with the lines:

"Count that day lost whose low descending sun
Views from thy hand no worthy action done."

Worthy actions are important; no life is respectable without them.

But original and independent THOUGHT is infinitely more important than benevolent ACTION. The THOUGHT that created the locomotive or the motor truck did more for suffering horses than could have been done by any number of societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals.

Guttenberg THINKING out the printing press did more for education than could have been done by a hundred million men and women unselfishly teaching the poor.

And THOUGHT, creating the sewing machine, the spinning jenny, harvester, potato digger, concrete mixer, and a thousand other tools, did much more to free men from physical slavery than all the well-meant preaching and teaching that denounced

man's inhumanity to man. The way to encourage humane treatment of men is to make it PROFITABLE, just as the way to discourage vice is to make it expensive and painful.

In the eighteenth century men took, in France, the step that was eventually to make autocracy give way to democracy all over the earth.

The work was not done by the howling mob that frightened the king, or by Doctor Guillotine, who invented the machine to cut off heads. It was done by THINKERS, by men that had been THINKING, writing, talking, denouncing and explaining for a hundred years before the end came, when action FOLLOWED THOUGHT.

Our own revolution here in America was based largely on thinking done in France. American freedom owes more to the great French liberal thinkers than to Lafayette, the soldier—although he was useful and welcome. Jefferson, Franklin and the other American radicals were educated and inspired by the thought of France. The revolution here against England was, like the revolution against kings in France, largely the work of Voltaire thinking at the edge of the Swiss frontier, of Rousseau writing earnestly about the rights of man.

France was in a dreadful hole, a horrible rut of misery for the peasants, horrible, brutal luxury and extravagance for the king and court. The French THINKERS pulled France out of that hole. They supplied the mental explosive that blew up the old order.

Thought pulled France out of the hole, and thought will pull YOU out, if you happen to be in

a mental hole, wondering why the power of thought was given to you and how to use it.

A man in an actual, physical hole in the ground would have no doubt at all as to how he must get out. He might be pulled out by others. If so, well and good. Otherwise he must climb out for himself, struggling with arms and legs, digging his knees into the side of the hole. And, especially, he must refuse to be discouraged at slow progress or at often falling back.

So with all of us when we wake up and realize that we are living in a hole MENTALLY. Out of that hole no one can pull you.

You have to get out for yourself, and the only way out is to THINK yourself out. It is often a slow process. Thinking is a trade like any other. It must be LEARNED. Repeating platitudes or old sayings is not thinking. Railing at others, accusing them and envying them because they are better off than you, is not thinking. It is stupidity, and it prevents thought. Too much that calls itself radical and original thought is merely blind envy.

Thinking is a trade; you must practise it a long time as apprentice before your work is worth anything. And thinking is HARD work, and the mind that works hard must be fed, like the hard working body. The mind that works must eat. Its food is the thought of other thinkers. Your thought, to be of use, must be based on other thought and other knowledge. New trees grow out of dead trees, animal bodies live on the bodies of other animals, and thought lives on thought. To think, you must read good food for the mind, not trash. And as

with the stomach, you must read what you can digest, no more.

Nothing is more foolish than reading to excess for the sake of reading. A sponge can soak up a great deal of water, but can do nothing with it. Some one must come along and squeeze it out.

So with reading. It is not how MUCH have you read, but what has reading added to your mind, to your power to deal with the present, know the past, and reason logically about the future.

In addition to reading thought has other food. Sometimes misfortune or sorrow is the best stimulant. Bunyan did work that will last after he went to jail, and while IN jail. If he had stayed out of jail, he might have merely talked—and no one would hear of him.

John Brown started working for the slaves, did good work and died a martyr's death, AFTER he had failed in many kinds of business. If he had made a success of business in the South, instead of dire failure, he might have died saying, "Well, abolition is all right, but there are TWO sides to the slavery question."

Some men become useful when fortune and their friends turn against them. The umbrella would not have been invented if it had never rained.

Men that live cooped up in cities, eyes on paving stones, street lamps or stage lights, do little thinking. The clouds, stars, sunset and sunrise are essential to lofty thinking. Slaves in mines, peasants bent over the clods have been freed, not by THEIR discontent, but by thinkers that looked upward, and pitied them.

Even the loftiest thinker is, comparatively, a man

in a hole. For there are heights of thought to which no creature on this earth can ever attain. We may dimly perceive the possibilities of the universe, but only dimly. And every man should work to his last day to make his mind productive and more receptive.

However high you may stand, you can, if you will, go higher.

THINK your way out.

INDUSTRY MADE ATTRACTIVE

The most important change will come when INDUSTRY IS MADE ATTRACTIVE, when every worker will like his work, and when there will be enough for all. In that day, which is coming, men will work, as they now play golf, from choice.

COMPLAINING MEN

If the average man could be a woman for about a month; if he could preserve life and sanity through the experience, we venture to say that he would go through many years without complaining of women.

It is not how much you GET. It's how much you can BUY with what you get.

What Are We Here For?

A Very Interesting Question. An Answer by a Clergyman—Other Answers.

We receive from the rector of St. Barnabas' Episcopal Church, the following interesting statement in reply to the question, WHAT ARE WE HERE FOR?

What are we here for? This is not a social gathering. This is not a place of amusement, nor a mart where we can buy and sell and get gain. We are here for a purpose, and because of certain facts—and our belief in those facts.

We are here because we are followers of Jesus Christ, or at least interested in His teachings and His church.

The purpose of the Church of God is the salvation of souls as individuals and of the world as society. Our Blessed Lord gave His church two definite commands, and these outline her work and form the foundation of it: "Do this in remembrance of Me"—the command to perpetuate in the Lord's Supper His loving sacrifice on the cross for the sins of the world. The other, "Go ye into all the world and make disciples."

The one furnishes us the spiritual strength and inspiration to fulfill the second.

Come and receive grace and life from Me; then go and enlarge My Kingdom by personal service. The spiritual life—oneness with Christ—must be the starting point. We are brought into a state of salvation that Christ may use us to extend His Kingdom of righteousness and purity and peace throughout the world. The true Christian life must be pre-eminently a life of service.

E. J. RANDALL,
Rector St. Barnabas' Episcopal Church.

A big question, "What are we here for?" There are many of us here—about fifteen hundred mil-

lions. We die off every second, and new millions keep coming to the surface of the earth as other millions go below the ground.

In a few years, with the fighting of disease better understood and the ending of war, the earth will probably feed many thousand millions of human beings.

We all live on a little planet that goes around a big sun. The sun is traveling off through space, we know not where. If our planet dropped onto that sun it would be destroyed, like a feather falling into a red-hot furnace.

This earth is many million times as big as one of ourselves. The sun is a million times as big as our earth. And there are in sight of our feeble eyes other suns in space that are A MILLION TIMES AS BIG AS OUR SUN.

THIS IS A VERY LARGE UNIVERSE. Light going more than a hundred and eighty thousand miles in a second takes many years to cross the Milky Way. In that Milky Way our sun is a tiny speck of light. And that Milky Way is simply one little solar colony in the entire universe.

This is an awfully big place to live in, this "cosmos," as the philosophers call it.

Well may we ask, WHAT ARE WE HERE FOR?

The reverend gentleman whose answer to the question is printed above takes a good, religious view.

Others may be religious, and at the same time ask themselves all kinds of questions.

What are we really here FOR? Is there any purpose in our being here? Is there any work for

us to do in addition to making up for the sins of our ancestors?

We have the information of faith, which tells us that the world is about six thousand years old.

We have the information of science, which deciphers writing more than six thousand years old and proves that the earth has existed millions of years, and the human race at least a quarter of a million years.

WHAT ARE WE HERE FOR?

Force and intelligence cannot act without matter. There could be nothing, as we understand reality, without matter. There could be no sound, for sound is the effect of material air waves striking upon material nerves in a material ear.

There could be no seeing, as well as no hearing, in a universe without matter. For seeing is the effect of a material light wave striking the material optic nerve.

There could be no feeling in a universe without matter, for feeling, as we know it, is the effect produced upon the brain by the nerves carrying their messages to the seat of consciousness.

We are told, and the faithful believe, that the universe was created by one supreme being who had existed in a vacuum from all eternity, and then decided to create this earth. HE put us here.

WHAT ARE WE HERE FOR?

Our own religion and various other religions teach us to believe in a trinity, also to believe that one man and one woman were created, misbehaved and disobeyed.

They were driven out and have wandered, and their sons have murdered each other.

When they got very bad all but a few were drowned by a great flood. The survivors did not behave very much better after the warning of the flood than before.

WHAT ARE WE HERE FOR? Has the answer anything to do with the fact that THOUGHT, SPIRIT, cannot find expression except through matter?

The brain of a great artist contains wonderful pictures and statues. But without canvas, paint, marble, the brain cannot realize thought.

Melody fills the mind of the musician. But he must have the material vocal cords of the throat, or the material chords of the piano or the violin—or he remains mute and his music is nothing.

Are we here on this material earth, perhaps, to give expression through matter to the spiritual force of the universe—as we represent it in our little, inferior way?

Happy believers in an omnipotent individual creator of the universe must accept the theory that matter was necessary; it was created by a being who knew in advance, so far as our little earth is concerned, all the horrible things that we were going to do, and all the punishments that we were going to deserve. For a just, affectionate, all-powerful, all-knowing being to create this planet, knowing what the human beings on it would do, and how He would punish them, there must have been some urgent necessity for a material planet and little, material human beings on it. It would

have been so much kinder not to create, with a crowded hell awaiting many—if we were not necessary.

So, what are we here FOR? Are we here to develop the earth and ourselves at the same time?

Are we here, through marriage, affection, elimination of the animal and development of the spiritual, to develop a race of beings with bodies and brains making up a worthy habitation for the cosmic spirit?

Is our chief task just now one of education, civilization and the gradual evolution into human decency?

Are we here to eliminate from ourselves murder, thievery and greed—as we have only recently eliminated cannibalism and other vices?

It is really worth while discussing our little selves and the purpose that put us here until we shall have become a little more nearly worth while talking about?

If one of us owned this earth, a marvelous, beautiful planet twenty-five thousand miles around, floating through space, bathed in sunlight, and if he also owned a few hundred millions of tiny human beings clinging to that planet, OF COURSE HE WOULD THINK MORE OF THE PLANET THAN HE WOULD OF THE HUMAN BEINGS, just as we think more of our gardens than we do of the ants that crawl along the gravel paths.

Is it, perhaps, that in the general order of things this planet is the important thing, taking its place in the solar system, a small, beautiful part of the

whole universe, and we only intended to give the planet beauty, order and harmony—as the cheese microbes give the cheese its flavor?

Is it conceivable—let us hope not—that we are no more important to the everlasting power directing the universe than the individual cheese microbe to the dairyman?

WHAT ARE WE HERE FOR?

Why do a few have too much and the millions too little?

Why are children born with pain for their mothers and sorrow for themselves? Why are old people tortured with anxiety and weighted down with sorrow?

Why do more than half of the children born on the earth die in their infancy? Why do the powerful use their power to take what they do not NEED, and to oppress the weak?

Why are vice, cruelty, misery, suffering and anxiety PERMANENT features of human life, while almost everything else dies?

Why are the chapels in the prisons almost the only places of worship that are full on Sunday?

Why is the fundamental teaching of Christianity, the golden rule, something that you find IN BOOKS and not outside of book covers, after more than nineteen hundred years of the Christian era?

WHAT ARE WE HERE FOR?

The reverend gentleman whose letter we print gives an answer that is interesting, and probably satisfactory, for the earnest Christian.

But there are on earth only about four hundred

million Christians of all kinds. And there are about eleven hundred millions that are not Christians. WHAT ARE THE ELEVEN HUNDRED MILLIONS HERE FOR?

They cannot and will not all be converted. Many of them could not understand the Christian religion, no matter how eloquently expounded. What are THEY here for?

A difficult question for the man who wonders without the assurances of a well-settled faith.

About two hundred and fifty million Mohammedans believe that men are here to admire the prophets, worship Allah, murder infidels, die bravely, keep sober and, later, live in a heaven well supplied with charming young ladies. But they are probably mistaken.

Many millions of other Asiatics, formerly intelligent Buddhists, whose brains have gone to seed, believe that we are here "to attain Nirvana"; that is to say, they believe that man is here in order to accomplish the painful duty of living, and then end in a state of peaceful, dreamy unconsciousness that shall last forever.

They believe that their God, Gautama, came and was born, and sat in the air without any support, as a baby, delivered fine lectures, and then, out of sympathy for a hungry tigress, allowed her to eat him up that she might have milk for her cubs. But that probably is not true.

Followers of Confucius believe that man is here to be respectful, obedient to law, studious, loving wisdom, revering his ancestors, and that he need trouble himself little with future life, which is highly uncertain.

Hundreds of millions of men have thousands of different beliefs, all comforting. Lucky for men that they have them, and need not think. Thought is painful.

A very small candle is a fine thing in a dark cellar.

And a shining faith is a comforting thing in this dark world.

But faiths do not agree. What shall the man who admires all too much to confine himself to any one of them answer to the question, "What are we here for?" He cannot give a definite answer, but this one might help:

We are here to do the best we can, control ourselves and help others, use wisely the knowledge and the wealth that we inherit from our predecessors, and try to add to both.

We are here to deal justly with our fellow-men, and live in such a way that when we die and go to heaven—whether it be the heaven of the red Indian, the Mohammedan, the Christian or any other —deserve the friendly opinion of the judges there, who will say:

"Well, all things considered, he did about as well as could be expected of him."

FIGHT THESE TWO ENEMIES

Two enemies of us all—VICE and PROCRASTINATION. On the road to success almost every man meets these two enemies. Conquer VICE and slothful PROCRASTINATION. Few succeed in passing them.

We All Chase Rainbows—Fortunately

Hope, to the Heart, Is as the Rainbow to the Sky. The Little Child Walks to the Spot "Where the Rainbow Comes Down to the Ground." The Grown Man, While Hope Lives, Follows the Rainbow that Shines in His Spirit. Pity Those for Whom Life's Rainbow Shines no Longer. And if Your Hope Has Vanished, do not Discourage Those that See the Rainbow Still Shining.

"I do set my bow in the cloud, and it shall be for a token of a covenant between me and the earth.

"And it shall come to pass, when I bring a cloud over the earth, that the bow shall be seen in the cloud.

"And I will remember my covenant, which is between me and you and every living creature of all flesh; and the waters shall no more become a flood to destroy all flesh."

GENESIS, IX.; 13, 14, 15.

Some human beings take this beautiful text literally. They believe that on a certain day God drowned all human beings on the earth except one family, and all animals except one pair of each, then made the rainbow as a sign that he would not do the same thing again.

Others read in the words a meaning deeper and higher than any mere promise not to destroy life.

The rainbow shines in the sky, and it shines in the mind of man, a promise that while hope lasts there is no cause for discouragement; everything is possible.

WE ALL CHASE RAINBOWS—FORTUNATELY

Hope to the Heart, is as the Rainbow to the Sky

(*See editorial*)

Rainbows were shining on this earth thousands of centuries before the Bible was written.

The rainbow shone a million years ago in the mists of Niagara, as it shines to-day.

It shines on the surface of every bubble, in the dew, and, above all, in the happy thought of young children and in the ambition of earnest men and women.

In all nature the most beautiful thing is the rainbow. All the beautiful colors of the sunlight are there, the few colors that we can see with our imperfect eyes, and innumerable others, below the red, and above the violet.

Through hundreds of centuries of struggle and sorrow human beings have studied the rainbow in the sky, wondering at it, and rejoicing in it.

Different races gave it a different meaning, but always in some way it represented HOPE—the storm departed, the sun once more shining.

In a mind serene and filled with hope, the rainbow shines as it does in the sky. Only one human being is really to be pitied—the man from whose mind the rainbow has faded never to come again, the man in whom hope is dead.

Older people laugh at the children that start eagerly across the grass to find "the pot of gold that lies at the foot of the rainbow."

Grown people once believed that the gold would be found there. Now they know that the rainbow, like other really beautiful things, has nothing to do with gold, or with wealth. Its beauty and worth are in itself just as the beauty and worth of human life are in good thoughts and noble ambitions.

Do not discourage the "rainbow chasers"; do not mock them. Envy them, rather, for they are the happy among us.

Happy is the child stretching out its hand and walking fast to get the pretty colors that it sees.

Happy the ardent man who sees a glorious future for humanity, whose rainbow is his belief that he can help the human race out of its misery. "A rainbow chaser" men call him when he appears. But such men one after another lift up the human race, lead forward civilization. As they pursue the rainbow, humanity follows them into happier ages. We have come from cannibalism, universal murder, war, bigotry and hate to our present stage of civilization, led by those that "chase rainbows."

There are eyes that see what we do not see, souls whose faith is so great that it can move the mountain and lift up the race. We may not have the vision of the leader, the belief in the rainbow—let us honor those that have.

Happy the mother whose rainbow of hope is a dream of her son's greatness and her daughter's happiness. You would not tell her that it is a dream of mist and fading color.

As you would not discourage her in the belief that inspires her, do not discourage any belief, any faith, any hope, any beautiful vision.

Your attitude toward those that dream and believe in what you call impossible should be like the attitude of the old man in the picture toward the child.

He knows that the child cannot reach the rain-

bow, that it is not made of candy, that there is no treasure to be found near it.

But he knows also that the child's happiness is not in the material things that it FINDS, but in the impossible things that it hopes for and believes to be real.

A great scientist describes a new-born child as "rien qu'un etre spinal," meaning "only a spinal being," that is to say, a backbone and a certain amount of baby protoplasm. And that is all a new-born baby would be, if it were not for the rainbow, the seed of hope planted in the child's mind before its birth.

Keep your rainbow bright and shining. Or, if yours must fade, rejoice in the happiness of those that still see the bright colors and follow them.

Keep your illusions alive. For YOU die when THEY die. Life after the rainbow has gone is not life at all, but darkness and dull waiting.

Remember, too, that the rainbow is often there when you do not know it or see it. It shines somewhere on this earth, every second of every year.

You must look UP to see the colors that shine in the mist of the clouds. You must look UPWARD, constantly and hopefully, to see the rainbow of the soul. You often think that it is gone, but you have only ceased to look at it and to look FOR it.

Men have lived in prison for half a lifetime without losing hope.

Thousands of noble women have suffered the horror of exile in Siberia, hoping and planning without cease.

The history of accomplishment in this world, of

all the long struggles against tyranny, misfortune and every ill, has been the history of those that would not let their rainbows fade.

You have often watched the colors in the sky, and seen them grow more vivid as you looked. Faint at first, they grow stronger, until every line of color stands out distinct.

You may have that experience in your own mind if you will. Look for the rainbow, and you will find it, for it is always there.

Keep hope alive within yourself, encourage it in others, and you will do your share toward giving mankind freedom from storms and sorrow.

There is only one real joy; that is HOPE. There is only one task worthy of a man that is to inspire and to justify hope in others.

MAN AND MONKEY

First, get your chance, then *work* AT IT, and make it better. Then get something else, still better, if you can. But don't let go of one thing until you have got hold of the other.

Any monkey crossing from one tree to another knows enough to hold onto one branch until he has got the other within his reach, so that he is sure to grasp it.

Many young men changing jobs don't know as much as that monkey.

The Wisdom of the Old Cannot Teach Us

Experience Warns In Vain. Each Mind Comes Into the World a Blank Page, and Upon Each the World's Lessons Must Be Written by PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

Human beings never learn except BY EXPERIENCE.

They never learn that they CANNOT learn except by experience.

Before men could talk—when they had learned to give warnings by signs and grunts—you may be sure that the cave men warned their little boys against a certain path through which the mammoth travelled. And that as soon as the cave man was gone the little boys hurried to find out for themselves whether it was true, and to see the mammoth if possible.

And the cave woman warned her little girls against snakes in the rocks. And when her back was turned the little girls hurried over with a stick, and poked in the holes to see if the snakes were really there.

So it has been from the days of the cave men to the days of men that live in sky-scraping buildings—that talk across copper wires one thousand miles long, and talk across the ocean without wires,

and travel underground, and fly through the air.

Each of us at birth is a white page of mental writing paper, and upon that page the experience of the individual must do the writing.

Nobody else can write upon it for us. Nobody can convince us that we should be guided by what has happened to others.

You may tell a child a thousand times that fire will burn. But it will not keep away from the fire UNTIL IT HAS ACTUALLY BEEN BURNED.

You may warn young men that whiskey will destroy them, yet, ninety-nine times out of a hundred, if temptation and opportunity are there, the young man must find out at least once for himself that what his father told him about whiskey is true.

You may warn little boys as much as you choose against cigarettes—you may describe vividly with your hand on the pit of your stomach how dreadfully sick tobacco will make them.

But, sooner or later, you will find that little boy with his hand on the pit of HIS stomach, bitterly regretting, too late, that he would not believe what his father told him—looking up, with his little blue face and his tearful eyes, to say that he won't do it again.

Mothers warn their daughters against hasty marriages and against other mistakes and dangers—but the daughters have to find out for themselves.

And so it goes throughout all life. The young statesman learns only through humiliation and failure.

The soldier learns through danger and wounds.

The bitterest anguish has been that of fathers and mothers compelled to realize that their own lessons of life cannot be made useful for their children.

And to those who examine conditions superficially it seems a great curse to the human race that speech, most important gift bestowed upon man next to his power of thought, should be worthless in the warning of children against the mistakes of their fathers and mothers.

Through the ages—for thousands of years and thousands of centuries—each human being has been compelled to go through the whole gamut of life, its disappointments, its mistakes, from childhood into old age. Each individual has made the mistakes of his period, and those older than himself, with their warning words and pointed fingers, have not availed to stop one single error.

Many a man has exclaimed against the injustice and the folly in divine government that make it impossible for the young to profit by the experiences of the old.

But the laws that regulate the lives of little men on this planet—and that regulate thought and life in the planets and suns billions of miles away—take little heed of men's complaints.

Every human being must learn the whole lesson of life for himself.

Every child before it is born goes through all the stages of animal development, from the single cell all the way up to the fully developed human being. And science can read in the various stages of the unborn child ALL THE PHYSICAL EVOLUTION OF ANIMAL LIFE ON THIS PLANET.

And as the body goes through physical evolution BEFORE birth, so the brain goes through mental evolution AFTER birth.

The child from its first day until its last, follows the line of mental development on this planet. The first emotion that appeared in the lower animal was fear. And that is the first emotion that appears in the child.

The second emotion that appears in the lowest animal is anger. And that is the second emotion in the child.

And so it goes. Each must run the gamut and learn everything anew.

And it is a good thing for the human race that it is so.

For the fact that we refuse to be taught by experience is responsible for the glorious fact THAT WE REFUSE TO BELIEVE THAT ANYTHING IS IMPOSSIBLE.

Failure to listen to the teachings of wisdom is confined to the teachings and experiences that have to do with our imperfect human nature still going through its first period of development.

In the realms of science, of positive knowledge, there is no trouble in having experience as a guide when facts are certain.

The young chemist believes what the older chemist tells him about the composition of matter.

The young astronomer believes what the old astronomer tells him as to the location of the suns and nebulae, the method of taking the parallax.

Positive PROVED truth is handed on from the old to the young, and there is no waste there.

It is only in the development of the mind, only in the development and the control of the passions and emotions that youth refuses to be taught.

And lucky for the world it is that that is so.

Old age says to youth, "Such and such a thing cannot be done; do not try it." And youth says, "You could not do it safely, but perhaps I can."

Youth suffers, but knowledge is increased and the power of man is increased.

One of the best things that Napoleon said—often quoted to you in these editorials—was said after he had crossed the Alps in Winter.

He was praised as a great genius, but truly replied: "To cross the Alps was nothing; Winter is the safest time, for in Winter the snows do not move. I deserve no credit at all EXCEPTING FOR REFUSING TO BELIEVE THOSE WHO SAID IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE."

Napoleon in warfare REFUSED TO TAKE AS HIS GUIDE THE EXPERIENCE OF OLDER PEOPLE. And therefore, HE BECAME NAPOLEON, THE GREATEST OF ALL HIS CLASS.

And the men that built the ships of iron refused to believe the older men who laughed at them and told them that ships could only be made of wood. And so we have iron ships.

And Edison refused to believe the experienced men who told him that you could not possibly send more than one message at the same time on one single telegraph wire. And so we have the benefit of Edison's work.

And the first men that put their faith—all young men—in steam refused to believe the wise ancients

who said that such things were impossible. So we have the locomotive instead of the stage coach.

And so it has ever been. The old will tell you that because we always have had poor people we always MUST have them. But a young man will come one day who will refuse to believe—and will prove that it is not true.

The old will tell you that we must suffer here on earth miserably in order to go to heaven later. But men to-day refuse to believe that, and they are making this earth almost fit to live upon.

Men will tell you that women must stay at home and suffer and toil—each woman the slave of a cooking stove and the slave of two or three children. The older woman believed it, BUT THE YOUNG WOMEN REFUSE TO BELIEVE IT. And so they will be free from the cooking stove as a life occupation, free from the honor and glory of waiting for some second-rate man to come home. They will have their share in the world's work—and their children will be the better for it and their homes the happier.

It is fortunate for the world if a boy THINKS FOR HIMSELF AND DECIDES FOR HIMSELF.

Although the old man is nearly always right and the little boy will suffer for doubting, yet in the long run the world is better off, because that little boy's doubts may give one new truth, make one new experiment, add to the accomplishments of the human mind and the possibilities of the human race.

Let that be the consolation of parents who suffer because children make the mistakes that they made and must suffer the punishments that they suffered.

If the day comes when the young will listen and believe, and not go beyond the bounds and limits set by the old, that will be the day when this little race will have reached its limit—and then it might as well die out, and move away to another planet with bigger opportunities and a better career.

NEWTON WAS MODEST

The really great underestimate themselves.

"I do not know what I may appear to the world, but to myself I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the seashore and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me."

That was said by Newton, greatest mathematical intellect ever born on this earth. Contrast that with the discourse of the ordinary man inflated with his own importance, based on nothing.

VOLTAIRE APPRECIATED WOMEN

Voltaire, among other fine qualities, possessed appreciation of women and loyalty to them.

"All the reasoning of man is not worth one sentiment of woman," is one saying of his.

WHISKEY AND DRUGS

Whiskey and drugs are the father and mother of POVERTY, DIRT and CRIME.

Two Big Foolish Words

"Always" and "Never" Are Foolish Words Except as Regards the Past. You May Say That a Thing Has ALWAYS Been, You May Say That Another Thing Has NEVER Been.
But as Regards the Future "Always" and "Never" Are False, Misleading, Checking Progress. They Are Favorite Words of Those Ignorant of the Past and Feeble Thinkers in the Present.

Two faces, one saying "Always!" and the other shouting "Never!" represent what our Christian Science friends would call "error."

The most foolish statement, with one exception, is this:

"It has ALWAYS been so, therefore it always will be so."

The one exception is the other foolish saying:

"It NEVER has been, therefore it never can be."

The thing most probable, is one that has never happened. In old days, when men thought earth was the centre of creation, that the suns and planets whirled around our little grain of sand, you would have heard men say: "The earth has ALWAYS stood just where it stands now."

As a matter of fact, the earth has, not always, but ever since its creation, turned on its axis, traveled around the sun, meanwhile journeying with the sun

at frightful speed through space and going the Lord only knows where.

Not much standing still there, but ancient wisdom would have told you "the earth will ALWAYS be where it is now."

A few years back there were slaves everywhere. After a war, conquerors brought back gold and other property; the slave was the most valuable property. Every one then would say: "There has NEVER been civilization without slaves. You NEVER can have civilization without slaves." The greatest of the Greeks said that there must ALWAYS be slaves, as otherwise the intelligent would have to do their own work and have no leisure for scientific thinking.

But to-day there are no slaves in civilized nations — at least, none owned bodily — machines of iron, driven by the modern slaves, steam and electricity, do the work.

Before these two big, foolish words "Always" and "Never" millions of human beings bow submissively. There have "Always" been poor and ignorant people, you are told, and so there will "Always" be poor and ignorant people.

But the day is coming when poverty and ignorance will be illustrated in museums and nowhere else, and will seem as horrible as the ancient torture chamber or the slavery that chained men to their oars in the galleys.

At one time women were slaves; they are slaves still in parts of the East. In civilized Greece they

TWO BIG FOOLISH WORDS

Always Believe in Progress—*Never* Say, "It Can't Be Done" (*See editorial*)

were looked upon with contempt and could not enjoy life until they broke out and exchanged married respectability for a more exciting and reprehensible career.

In every country, only a little while ago, you would have heard it said: "Women ALWAYS have depended on men to vote for them, act for them and think for them, and they ALWAYS will."

Or you would hear: "Women NEVER have understood public affairs, they NEVER have voted, they NEVER will."

But "Always" and "Never" have no meaning as regards the future. The test of civilization now is the recognition of the rights of women.

Another favorite "Always-Never" saying concerns war.

There has ALWAYS been war, therefore there ALWAYS will be war, you are told.

Men have NEVER given up the excitement of murdering and robbing each other, and therefore they NEVER will.

In this country, in the day of John C. Calhoun, you would have been told: "Gentlemen have ALWAYS fought duels and they will NEVER give up duelling."

But to-day the man suggesting a duel would be laughed at for a fool and advised to go to court.

Such changes come slowly, but they do come. And the law that is strong enough now to prevent the individual from starting out to murder will one day be strong enough to prevent the nation from starting.

The race to which you belong grows, develops and changes like an individual human child. The baby believes that it will ALWAYS want milk and that it will NEVER have any teeth, because it ALWAYS has wanted milk and NEVER has had teeth.

But it gets teeth and gives up milk, hair grows on its head, it learns to roll over, then crawl, then walk, then talk.

And, after a while, it dies. And so with this race, always changing, always different, the "Never" of yesterday vanishing to-day, and the "Always" vanishing with it.

Men ought to cut out of their vocabulary the foolish words: "I ALWAYS shall," and "I NEVER will."

They are the sayings of a mind that has become hard like concrete.

Nothing is impossible, nothing is stagnant, nothing remains fixed. The land on which you walk to-day was once under the ocean; it may be under the ocean again.

What is to-day called luxury for the few is to-morrow the commonplace possession of everybody.

A few years ago the jealous poor sprinkled tacks on the road to spite rich riders of bicycles, and now the bicycle carries workmen to their work—and carries few others.

A little while ago the farmer, irritated, was passing laws to check development of the automobile. Now more automobiles are owned by farmers than by any other class.

Only the other day a flying machine high in the

air was able to talk by wireless telegraphy to the crew of a submarine deep under the water.

In a world where that can happen there is no "Always" and no "Never."

Whatever the mind can CONCEIVE, it can DO.

ALWAYS believe in progress. NEVER say it can't be done. YOU can't do it, perhaps. Another may.

SUCCESSFUL GOVERNMENT OWNERSHIP.

A two-cent stamp will take your letter all around the earth.

Tell that to your friend who says "government ownership can never be a success."

It isn't the things you have collected that count, but things you are producing.

Call a thing "science," ninety in a hundred are not interested. Call a thing "strange crime" and the same ninety are deeply interested.

NAPOLEON TRIED IT.

Russia is like a gigantic jelly fish, as big as a ten acre lot. You can break off pieces, but you can't lift and control it.

The Commonest Fault in the World

This Young Man Has It—and So Have Ninety-nine Men Out of One Hundred. How Can We Get Rid Of It?

Here is a young man whose trouble is he can't stick at a thing and FINISH it.

The letter that follows will be read by many. And a majority of them might write the same kind of a letter.

Dear Sir—I have been reading your editorials for some time and think they are very helpful. I am a young man twenty-four years old. I have one big fault, and that is that I never complete anything I do. I look back these few years with regret now. When I try to do different it seems so hard. I wish you could write an editorial on doing what one attempts to a completion.

There is a difficulty as old as human beings, and older. It is as old as thought.

Who can tell us how we can do what this man wants to do? Who can tell us how we can "complete anything"?

You, who read this, how many resolutions have you taken and broken? How many plans have you formed and abandoned? How many tasks have you started and left behind?

Sometimes it is a good thing for the man who is struggling to know that others have his difficulty and his troubles.

That is why it is lucky that some men who have accomplished great things have written frankly of

their weaknesses. Even the autobiography of Rousseau, unpleasant and revolting as it is, may have encouraged hundreds of thousands — for it shows that man CAN succeed, in spite of the greatest defects.

It may encourage this young man to know that the curse which he feels weighing upon him has been overcome by many of the successful men only after a long struggle.

Our brain, the spirit or thinking power which works through the brain, must work through generations to come with a very defective instrument.

We have only recently risen above the plane of animal life. A hundred thousand years ago we were all howling, murderous cannibalistic savages. And two hundred and fifty thousand years ago there were only a few of us on this earth—and we were actually animals, with huge teeth and jaws, with the faintest signs of humanity about us. We had big muscles, big bones, big appetites, great voracity—FEEBLE BRAINS AND FEEBLE INTELLECTS.

And we still have feeble brains and feeble intellects.

All of our physical impulses are stronger than our mental impulses.

To rest, to sleep, to eat, to indulge the various attractions we have within us—such is the inheritance that we get from millions of years of animal life back of us. It is a difficult thing to teach the brain—now in its infancy—TO CONTROL THAT LONG HEREDITY OF ANIMAL LIFE.

Emile Zola, the Frenchman, wrote, "Every man

has within him a hog asleep." That may not be literally true of every man. But it is certain that every man has within him various animals, very much awake. Every man has in him something of the monkey—and the monkey never sticks at anything, if he can avoid it.

We all contain remnants of the various animal forms through which we have passed during the millions of years that stretch behind us.

And all of these are constantly working to overcome the activity of that recently acquired power, THE FACULTY OF THOUGHT.

Every man has a big fight in this world, and only one big fight, and that is the fight AGAINST HIMSELF.

To win that is to solve the problem of the young man whose letter we print.

Many a man says bitterly as this man says, "I never finish anything." And a great many of us go down into the grave saying at the last, "I never completed anything."

But at least we can all TRY, and to try and to keep on trying, even up to the last, is TO COMPLETE SOMETHING.

An effort of the will is in itself a complete thing, although the bigger task may not be accomplished.

It is, perhaps, worth while to form the habit, if we can, of limiting our plans and our schemes, of keeping our minds off of other things until we have finished one. That advice seems good at first. Yet some of the best men have been those that changed first to one thing, then to another, then another,

AND ULTIMATELY DID SOME ONE THING BIG.

It is a problem for each of us to work out inside the round walls of that "temple of ivory," the bony skull in which our brain lives. Each man must take his five minutes or his hour of solitary thought and earnest criticism, once a day or once a week, and try to force himself to his task.

Everything is an effort of the will, from getting up in the morning to going to bed at night.

We are all hemmed in by our limitations. We make a little hole here, and then a little hole on the other side and then a little hole on another side—and we get nowhere.

Only once in a while some man breaks through the limitations and is able to say, "I did something."

Such a man was Archimedes, when he jumped out of the bath tub and ran naked through the street, shouting out his great discovery concerning the gold in the King's crown.

Such a man was Michael Angelo, when he looked on his finished work in the Sistine Chapel.

Such a man was Newton, as he finished the calculations that were to prove the truth of his theory of gravitation.

There have been other such men, and there will be many more.

And the biggest of them is really no bigger in the eyes of justice than the small man who fails, and fails, and fails—AND YET KEEPS ON TRYING.

For no man can do anything but TRY. Only be sure that you are doing THAT—and you are doing what you ought to do.

Look Backward Sometimes

A Man Should Go Forward, No Standing Still. And, Look as Far Ahead as You Can. But Occasionally, in an Hour of Leisure, It Is Wise to Look Back and Retrace Your Journey. We Must Understand the Past to Control the Future.

Take one hour, devote it to careful review of what you have done, what you have been thus far.

Reviewing your life from childhood to this day, you see not merely one single person under changing surroundings. You see in yourself a long line of different individuals—different in tastes, beliefs, ambition, character.

Pity him who has not in his lifetime been many persons. Such a one has not developed. Time has passed him by instead of taking him with it and adding to him.

Consider how different you are from the child you were twenty, thirty or fifty years, or even ten years ago!

The difference between what you are now and what you were as a child is not merely a difference in broader shoulders, gray hair, tired face or swollen body.

The difference is that you are a changed being, and more changed mentally than physically.

Your body changes and disappears every seven years.

There is within us a constant process of building up and tearing down. The old cells vanish in the processes of the body and new cells built up of the food that we absorb constitute a physically new man.

There is not in your body at this moment any atom of matter that was in the body seven or eight years ago, unless it be some diseased formation that the natural processes of health cannot destroy.

Of the thing you call "myself" there is nothing left of the creature born on your first birthday, except the spirit, the atom of consciousness created and named by your father and mother.

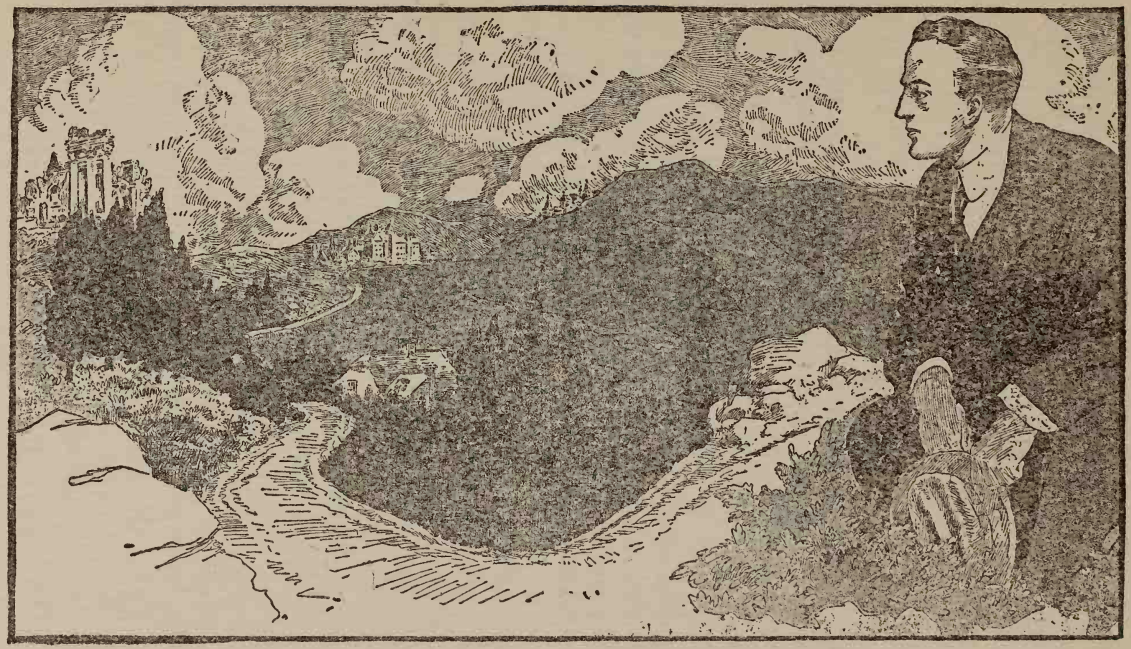
At fourteen the body has disappeared and been renewed twice. And at seventy a man has developed and cast aside at least ten separate bodies.

The body changes, disappears as completely as a building torn down to make room for a new building. But how much does the mind change?

In reality, it is always the same, persistent, indestructible within this body, as it is within infinite eternity. The brain that you inherited from your father and from your mother many years ago you can hand on with its characteristics to the children that will follow you. That is the greatest of the marvels of existence.

But our minds, acting upon a material world through our material bodies, are controlled and limited by the bodies in which they work, and by the environment in which they work.

Man cannot control the body to any great extent,



LOOK BACKWARD SOMETIMES—AHEAD ALWAYS
Many Hours Can Be Spent Profitably Dreaming of the Future (*See editorial*)

except that he can keep it healthy. And he cannot add to the possibilities of the mind that was put in him at the hour of his birth. He can only give opportunity to his natural inheritance.

But man can control environment. He can, in spite of all theories to the contrary, control himself and his will.

When you sit down to take stock of yourself and of your past life, study yourself in the different surroundings under which you have lived, study yourself acting under the different influences that have been brought to bear upon you.

Understand yourself, question yourself, know your limitations and your strength as circumstances and trials have proved them. Realize that no opinion of yourself is of any value unless the opinion is based upon what you have actually done and been under different conditions.

You can see what you were as a child. You can see what you did perhaps in poverty, how well you stood that common affliction, if poverty was your early lot.

You can study yourself in prosperity, if that was your first condition, and realize how well you stood that. Prosperity is harder to stand than poverty, and harder to overcome than poverty.

For one prosperous man that succeeds and does something worth while there are a thousand poor men that succeed, even taking them in equal numbers—for the poor man must try, and the rich man, cursed with absence of necessity, can do as he pleases.

Look back over the road that you have travelled, and look over it slowly, taking it year by year if you can.

First, try to realize how much of all that time has been wasted. The man doesn't live who hasn't wasted the greater part of his time.

Time is none the less wasted because it is spent in some perfunctory work. Time is wasted in which a man is not doing the best that he can, and trying desperately to put himself in a position in which he can do better.

When you have looked over the past and realize the time wasted, try to calculate how many hours, days and years have been devoted to your best efforts—lucky if you can find one year of good work all together.

No man to-day tries to run any kind of business enterprise without taking stock at intervals.

No man would dream of success in the field of commercial or industrial competition if he didn't have in his mind clearly the past of his concern, and if he didn't have clearly mapped out before him the future of his concern.

Remember that you are your one and only concern. You have got to know about your past history distinctly, as the manufacturer knows about the output of his factory, and you have got to plan about your future just as carefully and minutely as the manufacturer plans for his output, his purchases of raw material and his probable market.

Study yourself, understand yourself, take stock of yourself—but don't be morbid about yourself.

Don't let your mind constantly dwell on yourself. Never groan about the past—that is gone. You can't change it, but you can use it to help control the future, and you can learn lessons from it.

Don't worry about the future. Energy used in worrying, like the energy that hisses out of a leaking steam pipe, can be used in better ways.

Once in a while—not too often, perhaps twice a year—look over your past.

Then look forward again, work hard with new courage and knowledge. Good luck, opportunity go with you.

JAPAN ALWAYS READY

Japan examines 530,000 young men for service in the army. They have conscription there every year, in peace or war. Each year they pick out 130,000 of the best young men.

These must serve two years in the regular Japanese army, and a little over fifteen years with the reserves. Japan bows and smiles and KEEPS READY. Very wise little country.

SALT DEADLY TO GERMS

Tears are deadly to germs, says an English scientist. One tear in a test tube with millions of bacteria dissolved them all.

Nature has many ways of protecting the body. There is salt in tears, and salt is one of the greatest protectors. Salt, and violent shaking are deadly to germs. When you sneeze you kill germs, just as YOU would be killed if an elephant stepped on you.

Soul and Body

"Watch and Pray, That Ye Enter Not Into Temptation: the Spirit Indeed Is Willing, but the Flesh Is Weak." The Spirit of Man Reaches to the Stars and Longs for the Highest and Best. The Body of Man Is Held to the Earth by Forces and Passions as Ancient as This Globe. And Life Is a Struggle Between the Spirit that Reaches Upward and the Power that Holds Us Down.

Man is made up of flesh and spirit.

The BODY of man we know and understand. We can trace its rise through millions of years on this planet. The eye of Science—patient, exact—traces the PHYSICAL ascent of man from a single living cell in the waters of the ocean through a million forms of life up to man's present shape.

Even in the unborn child, most miraculously and swiftly, like some moving picture of man's earthly history, the individual man once more is seen passing, BEFORE HIS BIRTH, through every stage, beginning with the single cell to the finished man of to-day.

WE KNOW THE BODY, the flesh of man.

We see the bones of man in the skeleton of an ape. We see the five fingers of the ape in the foot of the salamander that lived millions of years ago.

We know that the ear of man was once the gill of a fish. We know that even now, by a strange throwing back to ancient times, babies are occasionally born with "gill-slits" in their necks.

Science tells us how the body of man has grown from inferior bodies. And we can see that growth, just as we can see in a book on mechanics, the gradual growth of the powerful locomotive of to-day, from the primitive locomotive of the last century, and from the two-wheeled ox-cart of thousands of years ago.

We know the flesh, but we do not know the spirit of man.

We know that the spirit of man is forever fighting against the body and its weaknesses.

All progress has come through victory of the spirit over the flesh; "the spirit indeed is willing, the flesh is weak."

After His betrayal by Judas, in the bitter hour on Gethsemane, Christ, lying upon HIS face, uttered that pitiful prayer: *"O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me; nevertheless, not as I will, but as Thou wilt."*

The spirit of the noblest being in all the world's history was willing for the sacrifice, ready for the ordeal on the cross. But the weak flesh cried out, *"If it be possible, let this cup pass from me."*

To the soldier who cut off the ear of the high priest's servant Christ said:

"Put up again thy sword into his place. They that take the sword shall perish by the sword."

And he added, doubtless intimidating the soldier's rude mind: *"Thinkest thou that I cannot now pray*

to my father, and he shall presently give me more than twelve legions of angels?"

The struggle of the flesh against the spirit goes on in every human being with even the faintest spark of spiritual life.

Despair and weakness are followed by determination to do what is right, confidence in the power of goodness which Christ expressed when he told the soldier that his father would send "more than twelve legions of angels."

The duty of man is to realize that this battle between the spirit and the body goes on forever and MUST go on.

Somewhere, mysteriously, man finds the power to fight against temptation, against all the animal inheritance stretching back through so many centuries.

It helps a man in life to understand WHAT he must fight, and WHY he must fight.

You can make your struggle in the world better if you can see yourself as man is shown here.

His mind and his hands reach out toward the stars, toward the highest and noblest things. His feet are held to the ground by the earth giant of selfishness, laziness, sensuality and all the other weaknesses.

When you fight against yourself, remember that the power that holds you down to the earth represents every one of the animals that were here ahead of man.

Man has the dog's friendship, but with it the

ferocity of the tiger that shows in dreadful lynchings and murders.

He has "a hog asleep within him." He has ambition like the horse, fickleness and imitation like the monkey, the conceit of the peacock and the laziness of the sloth.

The spirit has risen up from the earth in innumerable forms of life. Each of the lower forms clings and clogs in the upward march.

No man can escape entirely from the power that holds him. The power of gravitation, power of habit, the power of animal inheritance hold us to the earth. And here we must stay down until we go back into the earth again.

But every man can find comfort in his own struggle and battle.

Man at least DOES reach up toward the stars. His feet are held fast in the mud, but his spirit looks away from this earth to the wonders of infinite beauty and power, and he is not a slave WHILE HE CAN THINK FREELY.

To know what life is, to realize the power of the spirit, and the littleness and meanness of the body, look out in the darkness of night. Your arms stretch upward, and the thing nearest to you is a planet scores of millions of miles away, beyond that a star, a shining sun distant beyond our feeble comprehension.

Yet, the tiny spark in the brain of man is the ONLY connecting link between this planet and that wonderful outside world.

And the spirit of man, whatever else it may be, is the brother of the spirits that live on those other planets and on those distant suns.

Animal our bodies MAY be. We may get our five fingers from the salamander, our skeleton from the ape, our skull from the development of the topmost vertebra.

But our spirit is a thing perfect in itself, struggling for expression through an imperfect brain and body, fighting forever, even in the meanest of human beings, against the baseness and the meanness of the flesh against those earth hands and their powerful grip.

The battles of the spirit against the flesh, and the victories of the spirit have been the greatest in the world's history.

Joan of Arc fought such a battle when she prepared herself for the flames that devoured her. John Huss, looking with kindness and pity upon the ignorant little child adding fagots to the fire that burned him, was another of the earth's great conquerors.

In a small way, every one of us, fighting, conquered, fighting and struggling again, heeding the admonition, "Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation," is a real fighter, improving the little atom of the race confided to him, working in his little corner, DOING HIS BEST.

Man, weak and feeble, not knowing whence he came or whither he must go when life ends, may still look at the stars with pride, hope and determination.

The Psalmist, downcast and gazing into the heavens, cried:

"When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained;
"What is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him?"

But that is not the only attitude. A better one is this:

"I will praise the Lord, for I am fearfully and wonderfully made."

Man to-day may say: "I will praise Him because He has given me the power to see and to understand THE WORK OF HIS HANDS.

"He has given to me, weak and feeble, the power to weigh the stars, measure their distances, foretell the eclipse and conquer this globe."

Man is still a savage though he does not know it, and an intellectual child compared to what he will be.

But, he CAN look up. He stands erect, and is a soldier every day in the battle of the spirit with the flesh.

POVERTY IS SLAVERY

If you have no money this is a dreary place. Smiles change to frowns, clothing gets shabby, people are all "busy."

To be safe in this world, keep in mind the fact that poverty is slavery, and get out of poverty. Then try to do something worth while.